

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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APRIL 1897.

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THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

*'Behold, we know not anything: I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to All.'—TENNYSON.*

Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.—*THE TIMES*.

*The Moral: NATURE is only SUBDUED by OBEDIENCE to HER LAWS.
PREVENTION.*



HUGE BLUNDER.—THIS AGE, in many points great and intelligent, spends large sums of money in legal strangling of those who cause their fellows violent death, the result of ignorance and a want of control over the passions, while we *calmly* allow MILLIONS to DIE of, and HUNDREDS of MILLIONS to SUFFER from, VARIOUS PREVENTABLE DISEASES, simply for want of a proper sanitary tribunal. The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder.

THE TRANSVAAL!!!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA. LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG!!

'Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.

I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my stomach in order by the USE of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid, I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, "TRUTH," November 16, 1896.

CAUTION.—See Capsule marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION. Prepared only at ENO'S "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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APRIL 1897.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CALENDAR.

APRIL.

- 1 Matthew Locke, musician, c. 1635 to 1677.
- 2 First voyage of the East India Company, 1601.
- 3 George Herbert, poet, b. 1593.
- 4 Sir Francis Drake, circumnavigator and admiral, 1581.
- 5 Thomas Hobbes, philosopher, b. 1588.
- 6 Dr. Busby, Head Master of Westminster, d. 1695.
William Heberden, physician, elected Fellow of St. John's, 1731.
- 7 William Wordsworth, poet, b. 1770.
Francis Chantrey, sculptor, b. 1781.
- 8 Chapman's translation of the Iliads of Homer published, 1611.
The Ganges Canal opened, 1854.
- 9 Henry V. crowned, 1413.
- 10 Sir William Cheselden, surgeon, d. 1752.
William Hazlitt, critic and author, b. 1778.
- 11 Sir Henry Rawlinson, Assyriologist, b. 1810.
- 12 Archbishop Chichele, statesman, d. 1443.
Admiral Rodney's victory over de Grasse, 1782.
- 13 Warren Hastings assumed the government of India, 1772.
The Catholic Relief Bill, 1829.
- 14 Edinburgh University founded, 1582.
- 15 Johnson's Dictionary published, 1755.
- 16 Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, 1616.
- 17 Cardinal Langton, archbishop and statesman, 1222.
- 18 John Leland, antiquary, d. 1552.
First Indian railway opened, 1853.
- 19 Lord Byron d. 1824.
Charles Darwin, naturalist, d. 1882.
- 20 New Bethlehem Hospital founded, 1812.
- 21 c. The first Nautical Almanac, 1767.
- 22 Thomas Rowlandson, caricaturist, d. 1827.
James Prinsep, Assay Master and Antiquary, d. 1840.
- 23 William Shakespeare, poet and dramatist, b. 1564, d. 1616.
- 24 Edmund Cartwright, mechanical inventor, b. 1743.

- 25 Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe, published, 1719.
William Cowper, poet, d. 1800.
- 26 Newton's Principia laid in MS. before the Royal Society, 1686.
David Hume, philosopher and historian, b. 1711.
- 27 William Pickering, publisher, d. 1854.
- 28 Captain Cook landed in New South Wales, 1770.
- 29 David Cox, painter, b. 1783.
Coal gas first publicly used for lighting, 1802.
- 30 Sir W. Napier's History of the Peninsular War published, 1828.

(2) The expedition which started on this date consisted of three ships under the command of Sir James Lancaster; he reached the Bay of Achen and made a trading treaty with the king. About 250 years later the same Company was opening in the North of India that unexampled engineering work (8) which irrigates a million and a half of acres; and in the South (18) a system of railways which now extends to nearly 20,000 miles. (4) On this day Drake was knighted by Queen Elizabeth on board the Golden Hind, on returning from his voyage round the world. (6) It may well be said of this celebrated schoolmaster that 'he built up men against the future times.' Among his pupils were Dryden, Locke, South, Atterbury, George Hooper, and Philip Henry. (16) This is the date of the first of the three lectures in which Harvey announced his discovery, although his book was not published till 1628. Thus his great achievement is to be reckoned among the varied glories of the so-called Elizabethan age; the last lecture of the series was delivered four days before the death of Shakespeare. (17) The date of the great Church Council at which Langton presided. (22) A man of remarkable ability, hardly known except to Anglo-Indians. He was Assay Master at Calcutta, possessed great technical and scientific knowledge, was chief agent in the reform of the Indian Rupee Currency, practised as engineer and architect, deciphered various ancient Páli inscriptions of the highest historical interest, and greatly advanced numismatic and historical knowledge by his study of the coins of the Bactrian successors of Alexander. (29) It was on the occasion of the illuminations for the Peace of Amiens that a small row of gas-lights was exhibited in a corner of Soho, by the inventor, William Murdoch.

J. M. S.

A DAY OF CELEBRATION.

(APRIL 23, ST. GEORGE'S DAY. SHAKESPEARE BORN AND DIED, 1564, 1616.)

AN ANNIVERSARY APPEAL.

BY WALTER BESANT.

A WRITER may be dull ; he may be prolix ; he may be a prophet of the obvious and the commonplace ; he may be, in consequence, a bore ; he may be wrong-headed, prejudiced, obstinate, and narrow—all these things he may be, and he shall be forgiven. We may witness this kindly toleration every day. But a man must not be sentimental. That is not permitted.

I will try, therefore, not to be sentimental, although I am about to make an appeal in favour of sentiment. I propose, in fact, to invite the recognition of sentiment as a force whose possibilities, when applied to things political, cannot be overstated.

I would point out, first, that with all nations, the popular mind has always been ruled and led entirely by sentiment. The popular imagination converts the facts of history into sentiment. Their articles of belief are not laid down by the multitude in set phrases ; they are not formulated, even when they might be maintained by reason ; they lie in the mind—say, rather in the heart—unspoken. For the majority it is absolutely impossible to express these articles of belief in words. They are a sentiment resting on tradition ; they are the lingering and the surviving effects of events long since forgotten. Sentiment, when opinion passes into action, is an invisible and unknown guide ; it draws the people by an invisible thread as strong as a ship's cable ; like beauty, it is able to draw them as by a single hair.

As a nation, as a race, we are above all other nations open to, and ruled by, sentiment. We are fond of girding at the sentiment of the Teuton, and of allowing the sentiment of the Celt ; we pride ourselves upon the possession of a cold commonsense which does not admit of sentiment. Who are 'we,' however, who are thus uplifted ? 'We' are the educated—the highly educated class—a class which, though it speaks for all, is more cut off and separated from the rest—the great mass—than can be found in any other country. Among that mass

sentiment, of which we pretend to have none, rules supreme. Let us consider this assertion. Sentiment may be defined as a deeply rooted conviction founded on imagination rather than reason. It is of two kinds : there is a form of sentiment which springs from noble tradition ; there is another form of sentiment which springs from prejudice.

Take the former kind. There is not a single living Englishman, below the class of the highly educated and the critical, who is not perfectly certain that he belongs to the chosen land of Personal Freedom ; this sentiment has descended to him from the last great period of struggle for liberty—that of the seventeenth century. He has always on that point been firmly assured, even in the days when, for a debt of a few shillings, he might be kept in prison all his life ; he gloried in his personal liberties even when the House of Commons, the only institution which could guard those liberties, was filled with place-men, nominees, and creatures who sold their votes ; he was an English free man even at a time when a harmless expression of opinion would have brought him before Lord Kenyon ; he was a free man when he had no vote, when representation was a mockery ; he was a free man when, unless he was of the Anglican Church, he could not hold any office of the State or of the city or of the county ; when he could not vote for any office ; when he could not enter a public school or either of the Universities ; when he could not hold a commission ; when he could not become a physician or a barrister. What did his freedom mean, then, as he understood it ? To the average man it meant little indeed, because, in the last century, as in this, the average man was completely ignorant of constitutional history. But he knew that there had been struggles, and that, in the long run, the popular side, the side of freedom, had come out best. In the last century his imagination ludicrously exaggerated the extent of the victory. At the present moment, since the average man can, as he calls it, do as he pleases (or believes that he can) ; since he can think as he pleases (or believes that he can) ; since he has no knowledge of the narrow limits within which he must keep—limits of dependence, work, and ignorance—he is happy, like his grandfather, in the sentiment of freedom.

Again, he is firmly, irrevocably convinced that his country is invincible at sea : Britannia rules the waves. Nothing will ever shake him from that belief except some terrible disaster upon the waves.

He is also firm in the belief that it is the duty and the destiny of Great Britain to afford a refuge and to become an asylum for all victims of continental tyranny : for the rebels of one country and the patriots of another. And not only a refuge, but a champion. We have recently seen the passionate appeals—sincerely passionate ; all the more passionate because the writers believed that Great Britain was proving false to her duties—in favour of defending the Armenians and the Greeks. Reason might ask why this country should become a knight-errant among the nations. History might ask when this country did enact the part of Don Quixote. Reason and history have nothing to do with sentiment ; and sentiment declares that it is England's duty to protect the oppressed everywhere and at any cost.

Again, he has a belief that whenever plague, pestilence, and famine bring distress to a people, it is the duty of Great Britain to call a meeting at the Mansion House, make speeches, write letters to the papers, and collect a fund for the relief of the suffering.

This kind of sentiment, which is commonly described as 'cheap,' may be in itself of little use. But it may be encouraged and directed. The pride of freedom may be turned into a passionate sense of the duties of freemen ; the belief in our invincible position may be turned into recognition of what is owed by every man to the State—if necessary, himself. This kind of sentiment, in a word, may be inspiring and ennobling ; on the other hand, it may inspire yet not enoble, as when it fills a music-hall with jingoes and a West-end club with 'insulars.'

There is, next, a sentiment founded, not on noble traditions, but on ignorance and prejudice. Until quite recently every Englishman was bound to hatred of the foreigner. He has always hated the foreigner—Fleming, French, Italian, Spanish—from time to time he has had plenty of opportunities of hating them all and of murdering many. Formerly it was dangerous for a foreigner even to be seen in the streets of London. The Spanish Ambassador in the reign of Elizabeth was insulted. A French priest in the time of Queen Mary writes, 'I do not like a man in the street to spit in my face because I am a Frenchman.' There has always existed, deep in every Englishman's mind, a belief, not to be shaken, in his own superiority. This belief exists as an active force in the mind of the average Englishman—not, of course, the educated Englishman—of this day. He believes also,

as a corollary, that this superiority is recognised, and is envied, by every other nation, so that it behoves the humane person to be careful, in conversing with a Frenchman, not to appear conscious of this superiority ; to be modest about it ; not to hurt his feelings by flaunting it, although, of course, it must be apparent to him. The consciousness of this superiority mitigates the ancient hatred ; dilutes it with contempt ; even introduces the element of magnanimity.

It is perhaps the profoundly religious temperament of our people which makes them hate followers of all other religions, because difference of opinion in a matter so important is inexcusable. All through the last century, for instance, the language used in the popular literature, and even by writers who should have known better, concerning the Roman Catholics ; their bishops, priests, monks, and nuns ; their ceremonies and their most sacred beliefs, was that of the most profound contempt. In the same way the bitterness of Dissent towards the Church, and the contempt of Church for Dissent, belong to sentiment and not to reason.

If one wishes for illustrations and proofs of existing popular sentiment, they are not far to seek. In our theatres the success of a play depends largely on its appeals to sentiment : the actors play to the gallery ; the best written novels often fail for want of the expected appeal to sentiment ; the music-hall singer openly and avowedly relies on popular sentiment ; he strikes the jingo chord and the people rise as one mass ; he weeps over the domestic virtues, and every eye grows dim ; he reminds us of our national greatness and our goodness, which is rewarded by that greatness, and every heart glows with pride.

Since, then, sentiment plays so great a part in forming popular opinion ; since the voice of the people gives us our rulers, and therefore determines lines of policy ; and therefore, still further, shapes the future of the country, it seems as if it would be worth while to watch this great force, to recognise its existence, to acknowledge its uses and its dangers to the State, and, if possible, to create, lead, and foster it ; to keep it from becoming mischievous ; to take care that it shall not mislead the people ; to restrain it so that it shall not infuriate the people. It was a misleading or infuriating sentiment which in the last century made the mob shout and smash windows and break heads first for Tory and then for Whig, first for High Church and then for the Holy Protestant

cause. The same force now makes the people hold meetings, listen with enthusiasm to enthusiastic speeches, and vote on the side which sentiment has adopted.

What have we done, as a nation, to recognise the vast importance of imagination—which is only another word for sentiment—in the national mind? What have we done to feed the imagination with such right views of our position, our resources, our history, our perils, as may make sentiment a source—a certain and reliable source—of strength and safety, instead of an uncertain force liable to drive the people into wrong paths, into perilous lines, by ways which lead to destruction?

We have hitherto done nothing—absolutely nothing. Our School Boards pay no heed to the readers with which the children are supplied; the Education Department makes no regulations as to the elementary teaching of history, the growth of our institutions, the extent of the Empire, the condition of the Colonies, the extent of trade and industry, the meaning of freedom, or, in fact, anything practical and likely to influence the children in after-life. Yet it is certain that nothing so long remains in the mind as the teaching of childhood, a great fact fully recognised by the Roman Catholics when they refuse consent to any form of education that is not based upon their own form of faith. Here and there, it is true, one may find elementary books which aim at systematic teaching of patriotism and of national history; but there is no organised national intelligent attempt. It has never occurred to educational Parliaments, educational writers or teachers, that they might usefully and successfully direct and control the popular imagination and mould the popular sentiment. A child leaves school at thirteen. Probably he will never more, as long as he lives, look at a book of history again. But he will remember something of what he has been taught—the elementary principles which he might be taught; the plain broad landmarks which have been pointed out to him—these things will become a part of him for the whole of his life. The reason—the actual facts—will disappear and be forgotten, but the sentiment will remain.

In America, on the other hand, they have managed matters differently. They understood very well at the outset what they wanted—to create, namely, a profound sentiment of patriotism among their people. Let us see how they set to work. Since the opinions—the views of life and conduct and religion—that endure in the mind are those which are taught in the schools, the

Americans have been most careful in their school-books to represent themselves in the most favourable light possible ; of that no one can complain. They have also thought proper to present us, the people of Great Britain, in the most unfavourable light possible ; they have minimised our position ; they have denied us our virtues, our victories, our achievements. The sentiment which they have fostered is of an exaggerated type. The misuse of this great educational opportunity brings with it the danger of making the average man mischievously and inordinately conceited about his country, a condition of mind which may impel him in many lamentable steps. There are signs, however, that the better class of Americans perceive the danger and regret the cause.

I have now before me a tract by Mr. Arthur Inkersley, reprinted from the 'San Francisco News Letter' of Christmas, 1896. It is called 'American and British Prejudice,' and is a vehement plea by an American for greater justice and less prejudice against this country. I quote one passage which bears especially on my subject, as showing how the national sentiment has been formed :

Consider the attitude of the common, plain, ordinary, average, every-day American with regard to Great Britain. 'Raised' in a household where everything creditable to the mother country is rigorously tabooed ; fed on school text-books which represent her as a grasping, over-reaching, oppressive Power ; nourished (God help him !) on newspapers which delight in putting every national deed of Britain and every private act of her citizens in the worst possible aspect ; taught to regard the higher classes of that country as empty-headed noodles, unprincipled scoundrels, profligates, and ignoramuses—is it wonderful that his prepossessions are almost invincible ?

I have mentioned this point only to illustrate the manner in which sentiment may be created and fostered. Hatred of England, according to Mr. Inkersley, whose evidence is amply corroborated by others, has been a sentiment most carefully fostered in every part of the United States. It is not my business to search into the reasons for this action of the United States, but I would submit a possible explanation in order to show that it was not entirely based upon unreasoning malignity. It was thought, I venture to suggest, that it would be wise to separate as widely as possible their own people from the rest of the English-speaking race. The easiest and readiest method seemed to be the representation of the English people either as slaves or tyrants : either in an odious or a contemptible light. Perhaps it was well to make it impossible, when Americans began to people the vast territories of Western America, for the early settlers to change their flag and hoist the Union Jack.

Therefore, wherever the American settler went he took with him a bogey—the Englishman who would willingly bind him in chains if he was not afraid. It has never been thought necessary for us to raise up a bogey American, otherwise we should perhaps have done so. However that may be, here is the broad fact: the Americans recognised the prudential value of sentiment, and therefore carefully fostered that kind of sentiment which seemed best calculated to keep their own people together, and to prevent them from going over to the English. It is needless to say that no such sentiment is attempted or encouraged in the American school-books as regards Frenchmen, Germans, or Russians. The young American's imagination is thus carefully provided with two figures. One of them is the fairy goddess Liberty. She bears the Stars and Stripes in the left hand, and a victorious sword in the right. The other is a fallen despot: in one hand is a broken sword; in the other a flag—the Union Jack—beaten down and disgraced.

Again, for the better maintenance of the American Federation, it is recognised that a symbol should represent it; and that the symbol should everywhere be in evidence. Just as outside every Roman Catholic church and most Anglican churches the Cross proclaims the faith that is upheld within, so outside every public building in America the flag proclaims the country and reminds the people of their loyalty. It is not, as the shallow traveller believes, hoisted for mere show and display; it is there for a deliberate purpose, with intent, and with wisdom. They like to see the flag everywhere; they love the flag because it is their symbol; in foreign countries, Americans have told me, the sight of their flag flying at a masthead most strangely moves their hearts. It is the flag of sentiment.

We, too, have a flag; a flag as fine as the stars and stripes: yet, except at seaside places, you may march from end to end of the country and never see it. Where does it fly in London? I believe that a child born, say, at Mile End, might live out the whole of a long life and never see the Union Jack. As for regarding the Union Jack as the symbol of his country; as for reading in its flying folds a reminder of loyalty to the Crown and of pride in his country, it never occurs to him; he has never been taught so to regard his flag. Neither loyalty itself nor the symbolism of his flag has ever been taught that child.

There is yet another method of creating sentiment which the

Americans have practised, also with the greatest success. It is to hold a Day of the nation—a holiday—a Day of rejoicing and of feasting and of speech-making. They have instituted two such Days—the Day of Independence and the Day of Thanksgiving. They are Days, I believe, which greatly afflict the souls of the small minority, who love not multitudes or noise ; but move profoundly the many who love nothing so much as processions, flags, bands of music, scarves and decorations, and perfervid orations. These, however, are the mass of the people whose imagination—whose sentiment—the State most desires to move and to influence.

What Days have we ? In one respect we are better off than the Americans, because we have six Days to their two. We have two holy Days and four Bank holidays—two of which commemorate events in our sacred books, four which are avowedly days of rest from labour. These Days have nothing to do with the Empire or with the nation.

What Day of Celebration have we ? None. Yet surely we have a history as great and glorious as the United States. Surely there is as much reason for us to foster a sentiment of national pride as for our cousins across the sea.

No teaching of patriotism and pride in our schools ; no outward and visible symbol of the past and present greatness of the country ; no incentive to loyalty ; no holy Day set apart to commemorate the achievements of the past and the glories of the present. Our rulers absolutely ignore and affect to despise the power of imagination. Since such methods as those adopted by the States—the flaunting of the flag ; the Day of Rejoicing—would offend the tastes of the small cultivated class, we are forbidden to teach the mass of the people in the way that will most readily appeal to their imagination ; they are not to learn the virtues and the duties which go to make a nation of patriots. From strength to strength we have marched on ; from success to success ; from poverty to wealth ; from a little island in the west of Europe to a great and mighty empire, the like of which the world has never yet seen. And we suffer our people to grow up in ignorance of this goodly heritage ; they know not what they possess ; they know not how they arrived at this heritage ; they know not what it is worth ; nor do they know that, if they fail to defend it, they will throw away the most splendid possession ever entrusted to any people !

We have seen how vague and general is the popular sentiment

concerning our own country ; a pride of freedom—a pride in the navy. This sentiment is the same now as it was a hundred years ago. There is nothing that I can discover—literally nothing—in the history of the vast expansion of the last hundred years that has struck the popular imagination ; because the people have never learned anything about it ; because the story has never been presented to them by speech or by the printed page in such a way as to move their hearts and to stir their blood.

How can an average English lad learn his duty to his country, the extent of his country, the meaning and bearing, to him, of that extent ? They do not teach these things at school ; he cannot learn them from any national institution. If he is a lad of East London—where there are two millions of people like himself—he sees no soldiers even. There are no barracks allowed in his quarter of the city, for fear, I suppose, that the fighting instinct—the martial spirit—of the lads might be awakened and encouraged ; he never sees the gallant spectacle of a regiment marching with band and colours ; he never talks with soldiers who can tell him of India and Egypt and the Far East.

Put yourself in the place of that East-end lad, and ask how he will arrive at any knowledge of his country's glories ; his rare heritage, and his own duties. There is no way for him, except slowly and painfully to read up the subject for himself. And who is to tell him what books he should call for ?

The American lad gets this knowledge from every quarter : his school-book teaches him ; the universal presence of the flag teaches him ; the Days of Celebration teach him ; the 'spread eagle' speeches teach him. All these things foster and develop in him the sentiment of loyalty to the flag.

I have tried to show the power of sentiment and the wisdom of fostering some form of sentiment. I must again remind my readers that I am not speaking of the class to whom enthusiasm and noise are abhorrent ; they are, after all, a very small class. I speak of the huge mass of the people ; those who read no history, and know little about the extent, or strength, or unity of the countries and colonies forming that federation which we call our Empire. Considering the immense force of sentiment—how the fostering of sentiment is recognised by every Government except our own, how enormous are the interests at stake—it is surely, surely, high time to reconsider our ways.

In our own case, moreover, there are conditions which make

this duty far more urgent than for any other people. These conditions fill one with pride ; but they are also charged with peril.

There are growing up around us, under our flag, with a rapidity which is startling and unparalleled, four great nations. Up to the present they have remained nominally under the Crown ; practically, they are independent and sovereign nations. There is, first, the Dominion of Canada ; best loved of all our colonies, most tried and proved, most loyal, most faithful to the flag. There are, next, the five States of Australia, some time or other to be federated like those of America, and to form one nation. There is New Zealand, advanced in two generations from a mere handful of whites to a million. There are the States of South Africa, about to form another federation, into which our sons are now pouring by hundreds of thousands. These four nations are destined to become, very rapidly, each one, a country as mighty and as important as any European State of the present day, and they are growing at a rate of acceleration increasing year by year, so that the population which increases to-day by five per cent. will to-morrow increase by six per cent., and the day after to-morrow by ten per cent. In the next fifty years the population of the Dominion will probably become thirty millions ; that of Australia twenty millions ; that of South Africa twenty millions. Of India, Ceylon, Tasmania, and the Isles I say nothing.

It is quite certain that the time will come when the present relations between this country and the Colonies must be changed. No one, it is acknowledged, would desire the present relations to last a day longer than is felt by the Colonies to be desirable. We wish them to continue nominally as Colonies only so long as we can help each other ; we are determined, if we must part, to part in amity. The danger before us is not, in fact, so much that the mother country shall become to her former Colonies a land and a people which their young children, as in the United States, must be taught to hate and to despise ; we are not afraid that this will happen : but that the Colonies, when they become independent States, may fail to recognise the claims, the arguments, for creating a perpetual friendship and alliance between each other. In a word, the danger is that there will be presently witnessed Five Great Nations instead of One, and that these States, instead of supporting each other by an alliance not to be broken, by a Federation of mutual and perpetual support, may be as ready to quarrel as if they were French and German, and as

willing to settle their disputes by wars which must be as bitter and as desperate as civil wars always are.

Therefore we cannot too earnestly set about the task of creating such a Sentiment of RACE as may play an effective part in preventing this most deplorable and fatal result ; we cannot too earnestly advocate federation between all these Five States—alliance offensive and defensive—such as may mean an alliance for all time. With such an alliance the Anglo-Saxon race will be free from the fear of enemies without or of treachery within ; free to work out the higher destiny to which it will be called.

This Federation will consist, then, of five distinct nations, no one being first or second, above or below, the others ; their people will inhabit the finest and richest lands on the earth ; they will mostly belong to one religion—the Church of England or the Episcopal Church will, I believe, swallow up all the other Protestant sects and will become the greatest Church in the world—Canterbury will take the ecclesiastical lead instead of Rome ; they will enjoy the same laws and the same institutions, they will speak the same language, they will have the same education, they will nourish and raise their souls by the study of the same literature.

The sentiment which we are considering began with a vague pride of country ; it has now become, you will have observed, a far larger and more important thing than it seemed at the outset. It is no longer only such a sentiment as would have been useful to George III. ; it is such a sentiment as must serve to knit together great nations separated by broad seas. It is no longer like the American, a sentiment that can be symbolised by a flag ; it is the sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon race.

For the creation and the fostering of such a sentiment, I ask, first of all, a Day. Let us follow the example of the United States. Let us develop and sustain such a sentiment by the formation of a national holiday which all our Colonies with ourselves shall celebrate in such a way as may most easily impress the Day and its teaching upon the great mass of the people. They will demand, I dare say, processions, shows, pageants, bands of music, songs, feasts, and speeches. In the pageants, in the songs, in the speeches we shall celebrate the glories and the victories of the race ; we shall remember the great days of old ; we shall acknowledge the great days of the present. Once more it must be borne in mind that we are seeking to move the multitude, not the club-men of Piccadilly ; we are getting altogether outside the very

little circle traversed by that illustrious thoroughfare ; we are going to Mile End, to Whitechapel, to Hoxton, to Islington, to Birmingham, to Bradford, where the people live who elect our rulers and shape our policy ; whom we wish to move.

Let us remember that what is very well for the Americans—a Day of Celebration for a country which is always to remain undivided—is not desirable for ourselves, who must consider the probabilities—nay, the certainties—of our future. We have two distinct duties before us, both absolutely neglected up to the present—the awakening of our people to a sense of what is meant by Great Britain and the Empire ; and the binding of these our Colonies in bonds of kinship and affection. These things can be assisted, I maintain, greatly assisted, as the Americans have proved by their success—by the school-book, by the flag, by the Day of Celebration. The school-book need not—nay, it must not—misrepresent any country ; we are quite rich enough in history to found our national pride on our own record without attacking our neighbours ; our flag must fly, like the Stars and the Stripes, over every school and every public building. As for our Day, it must be one in which the Colonists will be able to join with as much loyalty as ourselves ; not an abstract Day such as would have pleased a French Republican in the first bloodless days of doctrine and devotion ; a Day which in itself, apart from its main object, will be felt by all to be representative.

What do we want, then, to represent ? Our common ancestry ; our common possessions ; our common laws, liberties and institutions ; and our common literature.

Our literature is generally acknowledged to be our most precious possession. For my own part, I think of a little scrap of parchment in the Guildhall of London, which seems to me more precious still, partly because without it our noble literature would have been impossible ; the parchment is the Conqueror's Charter to London, which made all our liberties possible. However, let us accept the general opinion. Of all the possessions, then, which these four nations and ourselves have in common, that of our literature is most valuable.

When far-off cousins agree to celebrate their ancestors, they may choose between the Lawgiver, the Captain, the Prophet, or the Poet. I think that our cousins will agree to put up the Poet as the representative of all the ancestors. Let, therefore, the 23rd day of April be the Day of Celebration of the Anglo-

Saxon race, and let England's greatest poet give his name to that imperial holiday.

Why, it may be asked, cannot the United States come in? Are they not Anglo-Saxon as well? They are certainly Anglo-Saxon as much as ourselves. We have absorbed Fleming, Frenchman, Italian, German, Pole, and Dutch, and we remain Anglo-Saxon. The States have received from every nationality tens of thousands; they are all absorbed, or in process of absorption; they are become or are becoming Anglo-Saxon. Will, then, America join in such a celebration? I am not prepared to offer an opinion. Perhaps, if it was thoroughly realised that there was no secret intention on the part of Great Britain to exalt herself above other nations of the race, the United States would also join us in rejoicing over the past and present of the race which made them what they are, as well as the rest of the Anglo-Saxons, which they are. They will come in: they must come in; and then the final federation will take place; then shall be witnessed the reconciliation of all who speak our common tongue; and the future of the RACE with such a federation may be—must be—greater and more glorious than poet has sung or dreamer has dreamed, for the widening of knowledge and the advancement of humanity.

I think—or hope—that the final federation of the whole of our race is a consummation that is not only ardently to be desired, but is also certain to occur if we take steps of ordinary prudence. The Treaty of Arbitration, when we get it, will go far to soften the tone of the American papers; it will disarm hostility; it will in time perhaps change the spirit of the school-books. As for their flag, it will remain their own; as for their position in the Federation, it will be exactly the same as that of Great Britain, Australia, or any other State in the Federation; there will be no loss of independence or of national pride; the old sentiment will remain; every American, every Englishman, every Australian, every Africander will be free to consider himself, if he pleases, the finest specimen of humanity in the world. Only to the sentiment of patriotism we shall add the sentiment of RACE. And to the Day of Independence the American will add another Day, when he shall celebrate the glories and the achievements of the people from whom he came, whose liberties and history and literature he inherits. There will be one thing of which he will be more proud than of achieving his independence—and that will be symbolised by the Day of Celebration, the rejoicings on the 23rd of April.

THE STORY OF SCOTT'S RUIN.

MR. ANDREW LANG, in his ‘Life of J. G. Lockhart,’ has succeeded, in spite of the want of adequate materials, in drawing a most interesting portrait. Lockhart’s ‘Life of Scott,’ though it made all readers love the subject, did not persuade every one to love the author. The man, indeed, who could display such reverent and loyal affection was certainly lovable; and yet he contrived to keep his own fine qualities in the background. Lockhart, in truth, was one of the men who are predestined to be generally misunderstood. He was an intellectual aristocrat, fastidious and oversensitive, with very fine perceptions, but endowed with rather too hearty a scorn of fools as well as of folly. Circumstances had tempted him in early youth to give free utterance to his contempt, and occasionally, moreover, to forget that courtesy is due even to vulgar antagonists. In later life, the shyness, due to a sensitive nature, was mistaken, as is so often the case, for supercilious pride, and the unwillingness to wear his heart on his sleeve for coldness and want of sympathy. Such men have to be content with scanty appreciation from outside, and Lockhart had to pass for an incarnation of the cynical variety of Toryism. Mr. Lang, it is to be hoped, has appealed successfully from the erroneous judgment hitherto too often passed. There is, however, one point upon which I am forced to think that he has been a little too lenient. It concerns Lockhart’s controversy¹ in regard to the causes of Scott’s financial difficulties. In the ‘Life of Scott’ Lockhart had the very difficult task of accounting for his father-in-law’s misfortunes, and it was of course to be expected that the other persons concerned should not be satisfied with the statement. If, indeed, he was not quite impartial, it is impossible to blame him severely for dealing a little too tenderly with the character which he so loved and honoured. Mr. Lang defends him, too, upon the ground that he had in his first edition told the story honestly, although, in the heat of controversy, he incautiously

¹ *The Ballantyne Humbug Handled*, &c. (1839), is an answer to a ‘refutation’ of Lockhart’s statements in the ‘Life’ by Ballantyne’s trustees. They made a ‘reply,’ to which Lockhart gave no answer.

accepted a position attributed to him by his antagonists. Instead of replying, as he might have replied, ' You are only repeating my own admissions,' he tried to withdraw from the admissions which he had virtually made. There is, I think, much truth in this, though I cannot discuss the point. But I also think it impossible to read Lockhart's pamphlet without regret, not only because, as Mr. Lang of course agrees, its insolent tone betrays excessive irritation, but because it is really, if unintentionally, unjust to other persons concerned. The interest of the question consists chiefly in its bearing upon Scott's character, though Mr. Lang's main concern in the matter is of course with Lockhart. Having lately had occasion to go over the controversy with a view to an article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' I venture to say something of Scott's share in the matter. The shortest plan is to tell what seems to me to be the true story, from which it may incidentally appear how far it was slurred or softened in Lockhart's hands. That, however, is for me a matter of minor importance.

First, I must notice one difficulty. Mr. Lang observes that he is not an adept in financial matters, and is unable to unravel the mysteries of complex accounts dealing with elaborate commercial transactions. I am certainly not more competent than he; but I do not think that any profound insight into the accounts is really necessary. We need only take for granted one little device which, when explained, as one's commercial friends are always glad to do, is rather of charming simplicity than mysterious complication. Scott wishes to borrow money. He gets the loan the more easily because he can say Constable will also be responsible: 'he will repay you if I can't.' The fiction is that Constable owes Scott a debt already, and that Scott can therefore hand over this debt to his own creditors. Meanwhile, the fact is that no such debt exists. Constable admits it because he accepts a reciprocal service from Scott. He borrows money, stating that Scott will be responsible. The credit of each therefore helps the other. But now, if either is unable to pay, the other has to pay the debts of both. This was what actually happened. Constable failed, and Scott found himself suddenly liable not only for his own debts, but for some 40,000*l.* raised by Constable. That, as everybody agrees, was the immediate cause of the catastrophe. The question is, who was to blame; and especially why Scott, who had been making an unprecedented

income by his pen, and who had an independent income of his own, should have been borrowing large sums, and borrowing them in this undesirable fashion? That, again, is in general terms answered by obvious facts. Scott wanted money because he had set up as a landed proprietor, built a fine house, collected curiosities, and indulged in expensive hospitality. To understand the position, however, so as to apportion the responsibility, we have to look a little more closely at the previous history, which, though indicated, is mixed up with other matters in Lockhart's '*Life*'.

Scott, then, had formed a characteristic connection—characteristic because there never was a man who took greater satisfaction in helping a poor friend. To be a staunch patron of his followers and a staunch adherent of his leaders was an essential article in his ideal of manly duty, and his whole life is a series of such services. He had thus taken up James Ballantyne. They had met when they were both schoolboys and Scott already an accomplished spinner of boyish stories. They had met again at a club which Scott frequented in his early days at the Bar. A little later Ballantyne set up as a printer, and was publishing a newspaper at Kelso. Scott then employed Ballantyne to print some of his early ballads. He showed the result as a creditable specimen of his friend's skill, and then suggested that Ballantyne should come to Edinburgh to take advantage of his good report. Ballantyne accordingly set up the '*Border Press*' in 1802. The press speedily obtained a good character, and Scott, now beginning his literary career, was able to bring a steady flow of custom to his friend. So far the scheme was carried out successfully, and the printing business not only succeeded for the time, but attained permanent prosperity. It survived the ruin of Scott's fortunes and enabled Ballantyne ultimately to provide for his family. There was unfortunately one difficulty. Ballantyne had not sufficient capital for his trade, and was forced from the first to carry it on partly with borrowed money. How far he was incompetent as a man of business was afterwards matter of argument; but there can be no doubt that he was, as he himself admits, always embarrassed, and that he was regarded with distrust in business circles. Scott had lent him money, but on a renewed application for help took (in 1805) a most unfortunate step. He thought it imprudent to lend, but consented to become an unavowed partner in the business. Ballantyne gave employment in

the firm to his brother John, a shifty, harum-scarum person, and the two Ballantynes became Scott's trusted agents and courtiers. Lockhart has drawn portraits of the Ballantynes so vivid that, after making allowance for some unintentional caricature, it is impossible to doubt that they are sketches from the life by a very keen observer. The nicknames 'Rigidum Funnidos' and 'Aldiborontiphoscophornio' are sufficient indications of Scott's own view of their characters. He saw and enjoyed their absurdities and weaknesses, but, in his tolerant fashion, liked them none the worse. It is all very well to have friends who tickle your sense of humour ; but, in such cases, it is desirable to maintain a certain distance, and not to become responsible for their foibles. Scott, however, felt bound to stick by his clients through thick and thin. They came to be the intermediaries between him and the outside world. He had to be approached through his little court ; and as they had their own interests—and John at least was given to roundabout intrigues—Scott's own reputation suffered from this indefinite and secret connection. Murray and Longman, instead of making a direct bargain with the author himself, had to negotiate through these inferior auxiliaries, and were far from pleased with their manœuvres.

There can be no doubt, too, that, as Lockhart says, the connection led Scott into practising concealments of various kinds in a way hardly worthy of his character. He had begun by communicating all his early works to his friends before publication. After this connection was formed he indulged in mystification. The great secret as to the 'Waverley Novels' was in all probability really due to this. He had been annoyed by hearing that publishers thought that his name was becoming 'too cheap.' The later poems had not equalled the circulation of their predecessors. Scott began to look at the matter from the publisher's as well as from the author's point of view, and probably thought that it might be as well not to risk injury to his fame by an unsuccessful attempt in a new line. He would at least wait till success or failure was decided. Once begun, the mystery was rather attractive than otherwise, and it amused him to keep back the revelation. The whole system, however, put Scott in an unsatisfactory position, which soon became more marked.

In 1809 Scott took another step which made the situation far more serious. He was already connected in various ways with the great Constable, who had paid what was thought a fancy price

for 'Marmion,' had published Scott's great edition of Dryden, and was following it by the edition of Swift. Constable was also publisher of the 'Edinburgh Review,' to which Scott had contributed many articles. But now Scott set up the firm of 'John Ballantyne & Co.' in direct competition with Constable. Jeffrey's review of 'Marmion' in the 'Edinburgh' and the offence taken by Scott at the language of Constable's partner are suggested as the special occasions of the breach. But there were other and deeper reasons. Scott's political zeal was at this time becoming militant. The beginning of the Peninsular war had stimulated party passions. It roused the Tories, who could now claim to be supporters of a patriotic uprising against military despotism. It alarmed the Whigs, who saw a boundless vista of new continental complications, debt and taxation. The 'Edinburgh Review' had become unequivocably Whiggish, and just at this time excited Scott's warmest indignation by an article proving the utter hopelessness of this new military venture. He at once took up most energetically the scheme for starting the 'Quarterly Review' as an antidote to the poison of the 'Edinburgh.' He wrote articles for it himself, enlisted recruits on all sides, and soon threw down the gauntlet to his antagonist. The new firm would enable him to garrison Edinburgh and organise what literary faculty there might be in the Tory party. It would act in alliance with Murray, the publisher of the 'Quarterly,' and it would publish an 'Edinburgh Annual Register,' which should enable him to expound the true version of contemporary history. He has thus concocted, as he tells Morritt (January 1809), 'a grand scheme of opposition to the proud critics of Edinburgh.' The Whigs should no longer have it in their power to suppress wholesome literature. Besides defending the good cause, he would be able to help needy friends. Southey, for example, was to be the main historian of the 'Register.' And then there were more purely literary purposes in which Scott was greatly interested. He had already edited some valuable historical collections, and had further enterprises in hand. Here, unluckily, was a weak point. Although no one was ever better able than Scott to please the public taste, he was a curiously bad judge of their taste in literature generally. He judged other men's likings, as we must all more or less do, by his own. What interested him would interest them. He was fascinated by local ballads and the old antiquarian researches which threw light upon ancient manners and customs. The public was equally fascinated

by the vivid imagery generated in his imagination when supplied with such materials ; and he seems to have inferred that it must share his taste for the raw material itself. Acting upon this principle and upon his ardent belief in the talents of his friends, he undertook to publish masses of unsaleable literature. A huge dead-weight of stock presently accumulated in the warehouses of 'John Ballantyne & Co.' A ponderous 'History of the Culdees,' written by a valued friend ; a heavy volume of 'Tixall poetry,' which cost 2,000*l.* ; an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, undertaken by a wandering German whom he most generously protected till the poor man's death ; Miss Seward's 'Poems,' a burden which he had incurred from rather excessive civility to one of the early recognisers of his talent ; and other failures, encumbered the new firm. The new 'Register' itself caused a loss of over 1,000*l.* a year ; and, considering that the Ballantynes had insufficient capital and did not enjoy a good reputation for solvency, it is no wonder that the venture was in grievous difficulties after three or four years. By 1813 they were at the verge of bankruptcy. The cause, as James Ballantyne admitted, was clear enough : 'beginning in debt, without capital, and always heavily in advance.' Magnificent schemes with insufficient means are a very obvious short cut to ruin ; and the only wonder seems to be that Scott managed to escape at the time. Scott, however, showed abundant energy as well as buoyancy and courage. He was obliged to consent to make an application to the rival against whom he had been, as he said, preparing his bombs. The personal quarrel had speedily blown over, and Constable now agreed to look into the books. It appeared that Ballantyne & Co. were liable for about 15,000*l.* within the next year, and that all their assets, if they could be realised, would be about equal to their liabilities. As, however, the times were hard, it was necessary to get some temporary help. Scott applied to the Duke of Buccleuch, as the chief of his clan, and the Duke's guarantee enabled him to raise the necessary sum. But, further, it was decided that the publishing business must be given up altogether. The printing was substantially a sound business, and might still be carried on. Scott accepted the position. He set most vigorously to work to extricate himself, and, after a sharp struggle, with apparently complete success. He complained, and it seems quite justly, of the conduct of the Ballantynes. They had not looked things fairly in the face, and had kept both themselves and him in darkness. He

reproaches them, but with good temper and with friendly assurances. The misfortune, indeed, appears to have been that he did not complain enough. He was too good-natured, or felt too strongly his own responsibility for the misfortunes of the firm, to break off all connection with business and make himself once for all independent.

The publishing business, however, was finally abandoned. John Ballantyne became an auctioneer, though Scott continued to employ him in negotiations with publishers. The masses of unsaleable stock were gradually disposed of in various bargains for the sale of 'Waverley Novels,' which began to appear in 1814; and it might be hoped that the whole disastrous muddle was finally at an end. John Ballantyne believed, in fact, that this result had been achieved. He says, in a memorandum quoted by Lockhart, that, owing to the 'consummate wisdom and resolution' of the first partner, the business had been finally wound up with a balance of 1,000*l.* to the good. Scott himself supposed that the toils were fairly broken. He was before long able to return the bond to the Duke of Buccleuch, and thought that the embarrassments were finally over, and that he had a right to spend freely the large income which was now beginning to flow in from the 'Waverley Novels.' Even at the worst, it must be added, Scott could still say that no man could ultimately be a loser by him. He had an independent income and unencumbered property. A bankruptcy would have been serious and discreditable, but all his creditors would have been ultimately paid.

This, then, was the end of the first act of the drama. If John Ballantyne's statement could be accepted, the result would be that Scott had finally got rid of his publishing encumbrances. He had engaged in dangerous speculations, and could not be acquitted of rashness. But he had saved himself and his partners, and had never got entirely beyond his depth. The printing business appears to have been bringing in at a later time a profit of nearly 2,000*l.* a year, and involved no speculative risks. Unfortunately, there was a sequel. Lockhart tells us that John Ballantyne was under a delusion, and that, when the publishing was abandoned, the printing business, which had got inextricably mixed up with it, took over debts to the amount of 10,000*l.* It is not easy to make out how far this statement is admitted by the other side. Anyhow, such a debt might easily have been extinguished by a man who was soon making 8,000*l.* a year by his novels, besides

having an independent income. To explain the catastrophe which followed, we must first observe the facts which came out in Lockhart's controversy with Ballantyne's trustees. In 1816 James Ballantyne wished to marry, and the young woman's relations said that he ought to show that he was clear of debt. Hereupon Scott agreed that Ballantyne should give up for a time all his interest in the business, and should henceforth be employed as a manager with a fixed salary of 400*l.* a year. During the following six years, therefore, 'Ballantyne & Co.' meant really Scott himself. He was the sole proprietor, and had, of course, a right to do with it whatever he pleased. In 1822, however, a new arrangement was made. Scott agreed to take Ballantyne again into partnership in the business of which he speaks as 'now so flourishing.' The profits were henceforth to be equally divided, Scott's influence and custom being regarded as equivalent to Ballantyne's labour as a manager. The partners were only to draw moderate sums, so that the debt might be extinguished. This debt, however, implies a remarkable state of things. Scott, in a document called a 'missive letter,' which shows his thorough familiarity with the facts, agrees that he is to be personally responsible for the bills due at that time by the firm. They then amounted to something like 30,000*l.* Between this time and the crash at the end of 1825 the debts had increased to about 46,000*l.* This debt, increased by the additional liability caused by Constable's failure, brought about Scott's ruin ; and the problem remains—who was responsible ? On one point, of course, there can be no dispute. If Scott had shown the same prudence during the later period as he did during the first crisis, he would have freed himself from all difficulty. He chose, that is, to spend his income when he ought to have been paying off his debts. He had, it is true, his landed estate to show for it, and although, as Lockhart tells us, he had been induced to pay extravagant prices, he might take this to be a good investment. But, in point of fact, he seems to have been curiously unaware that he was incurring any risk ; and the settlement of Abbotsford upon his eldest son in 1825, which, if valid, put the property beyond the reach of his creditors, would have been inexcusable if any such alarm had occurred to him.

Now Lockhart's 'Life' goes to suggest the theory against which Ballantyne's trustees really protested. The immediate cause, according to this, was Ballantyne's shiftlessness and inca-

pacity. Ballantyne was, says Lockhart, an excellent reader of proofs, and made many valuable literary suggestions to his great friend. But he was also a muddle-headed and lazy man of business, who never looked into his accounts or made out a genuine balance-sheet. When bills became due he met them by drawing fresh bills, and never troubled himself about the ultimate result. Therefore, it is to be inferred, that unfortunate nest-egg of debt which was left when the publishing business was wound up continued to accumulate by a kind of automatic process. If I never look into my affairs, allow all my subordinates to go their own way without check, and always pay my debts by fresh borrowing, it is very easy to understand that my liabilities will increase, apparently of themselves. Meanwhile, one has to ask, what was Scott doing? Lockhart admits, or rather asserts, this to be a puzzle. Scott, he says, was in his domestic affairs the most business-like of men. He kept minute accounts of details, and could have told you all that he spent upon turnpikes for the last thirty years. Yet, either 'occupied with his romantic creations,' as Lockhart once ventures to suggest, or absorbed in building, planting, and entertaining, he passively allowed Ballantyne to go on piling up this ruinous burden. This, we must add, is the more surprising when we remember Scott's energy in dealing with his previous difficulties. Then he had set to work like a man, administered most excellent advice to his partners, and by judicious management regained a position of practical independence.

This is the real issue between Lockhart and Ballantyne's trustees; and here I may confess to being not quite clear as to the meaning of the financial statements. The first point is the debt of some 30,000*l.* for which Scott undertook the personal responsibility in 1822. How did it originate? On Lockhart's theory, it was entirely the result of the original debt incurred by the publishing concern, which had been taken over by the printing concern, and had been allowed to accumulate under Ballantyne's ineffectual management. On the theory of Ballantyne's trustees, on the contrary, that debt had been completely extinguished; and the accumulation of debt was simply due to Scott's expenditure upon Abbotsford. I cannot discover that either statement is proved by definite figures; but there are some obvious difficulties in accepting Lockhart's version, and a brief consideration of them seems to make the case tolerably clear. In the first place, Scott

obviously and admittedly wanted money. In the middle of the early crisis, he had begun his purchases of land. They had no doubt seemed justifiable because he had at the same time tapped the great spring of wealth opened by '*Waverley*' (1814). During the eleven years which succeeded, he achieved the intellectual feat which still commands astonishment. All the great novels had been produced in that brief period. While achieving this performance he was spending his new income with equal lavishness. If both the income and the expenditure had been in hard cash, the proceeding might have been justified. Unfortunately, neither was true. He received for some of his copyrights bonds which were never actually paid off; and he had to raise new loans in order to buy new land, build his house, and carry out improvements. The result was an intricate network of engagements, through which it is not wonderful that a man who was all the time regularly doing his official duties and engaged in every kind of social amusement, did not clearly see his way. It is a marvel that he found time for half his occupations, and no wonder if time was wanting for a clear appreciation of his financial position. Meanwhile, it is also clear that he might naturally raise some of the sums required upon the credit of the printing office. It was entirely, as we have seen, his own concern from 1816 till 1822, and he had therefore a perfect right to raise money for his own purposes in the name of '*Ballantyne & Co.*' Ballantyne's trustees ask, in fact, a question to which, as Lockhart never answered their 'reply,' we cannot tell what answer he might have given; but it seems sufficiently conclusive: why, that is, should Scott have acknowledged himself to be personally responsible for the debt of 1822, unless he were aware that it had been incurred for his own use? The careful document in which he describes the state of the obligations between himself and James Ballantyne shows his precise knowledge of the case, and no disposition to abandon any claim which he really had upon his partner. Debts due to him from Ballantyne are clearly set out, and the means of repayment carefully prescribed. It seems to be impossible to suppose that Scott should have taken this debt upon his own shoulders exclusively if he had thought that it was caused by Ballantyne's careless management.

But, in the next place, it is equally impossible to hold that the debt had been incurred without Scott's knowledge. The imaginary pictures of Scott absorbed in 'romantic creations' and

allowing Ballantyne to arrange all the bill-discounting is a bit of rhetoric which fell in with the conventional ideas of the poetic dreamer, but was quite at variance with the reality. Scott had plenty of romantic fancies, but they did not in the least prevent him from being also a keen man of business. The documents published by Ballantyne's trustees leave no doubt upon this point. He received regular accounts of the bills that were to fall due and of the provision for meeting them. He asks for explanations, receives schemes of financial operations from the Ballantynes, and devises schemes himself. He goes into such minutiae that upon one occasion he writes to Ballantyne, when enclosing some bills, 'Be cautious to fill up the dates with ink of the same description, for bankers look sharp to this!' It is impossible to hold that the man who could have an eye to such points was so innocent as to be unaware of the true nature of the transactions for which he was responsible. James Ballantyne was himself alarmed. 'When I reflect,' he writes to his brother, 'how many bills I have paid for Sir Walter Scott on verbal orders and mere notes, which I thought no more about, I absolutely quake for the aspect under which I might be considered were he to die.' There are transactions, he says, which he, as an ignorant accountant, could not explain, and he would have to 'stand upon character alone.' Lockhart had indeed qualified his statement of Scott's ignorance by saying that, though cognizant of the general facts, he did not know how the proceeds of the bills were applied. This, as the trustees naturally reply, amounts to an abandonment of the case. It is plain that Scott was not only informed of what was being done, but actively directed, arranged, and suggested plans for carrying on the transactions. It is difficult, then, to suppose that Scott, when assuming the debt, did not actually admit that it was due to his own wants. It continued to accumulate after Ballantyne's acceptance of a partnership, and the question remains whether it was still caused by Scott's personal expenditure. Lockhart admits that in cases of emergency Scott might obtain an advance from the company. One such emergency, for example, was the purchase of a commission for his son. He declares, however, that Scott never failed, on receiving payment for a new novel, to replace the advances; and further declares that he showed 'anxious delicacy' in asking for such accommodation. The trustees, in answer to this, publish an account of the actual sums drawn from the business by Scott

during Ballantyne's partnership (1822-26). The statement, which is presumably authentic, includes such items as a sum of over 7,000*l.* for building at Abbotsford, 5,000*l.* for his son's commission, and near 900*l.* to a wine merchant, and the general result is that 'Ballantyne & Co.' had paid on Scott's account in the period of the partnership (1822-26) 15,000*l.* more than they had received from him. Lockhart's assertion must therefore have a more limited meaning. After Scott had again taken Ballantyne into partnership, he had of course no right to spend the money of the firm for his own purposes. When he obtained an advance, he remained personally responsible, and he no doubt 'replaced' it by acknowledging the obligation in some form or other. The result would be, I presume, that Scott personally was debtor to the firm for a considerable sum, and, as things turned out, a bad debtor. It seems probable, indeed, to the ignorant in such matters, that in point of fact neither Scott nor Ballantyne had by this time any distinct understanding of their affairs; and that Scott might suppose himself to have replaced money when the effect of the complicated operations in which they were engaged might really be quite different. Ballantyne seems also, as far as one can dimly discern, to have been drawing more money from the business than he should have done, for the trustees admit that he, too, was a sinner, though less of a sinner than Lockhart maintained, and far less of a sinner than his partner.

These facts, which seem to be indisputable, entirely dispose of the theory suggested, if not explicitly set forth, by Lockhart. Scott was not in the position of a mere passenger leaving the command of his ship to an incompetent commander. He was actively superintending and giving orders at every stage of a critical navigation. Nor was it his whole error that he spent his money as it came in without applying it to check the automatic growth of the debt which was swallowing up all the profits of the business. He was actually drawing funds from the business in order to carry on a system of unproductive expenditure. What is true is that, for some reason or other, he was strangely unconscious of the danger. Lockhart remarks that a letter which Scott wrote in May 1825, a few months before the crash, is 'as remarkable a document as was ever penned.' It was an emphatic and most judicious warning to his friend Terry against undertaking the management of a theatre without sufficient capital. He insists upon the advantage of 'solid cash,' and the inevitable ruin of a

business which is ‘pinched for money’ and ‘gets into the circle of discounting bills.’ Every word is precisely applicable to his own affairs, and we need only substitute ‘publishing’ for theatrical speculation to make it a sermon upon himself. Everything, indeed, shows that his misfortune came upon him as a stunning surprise; and the heroic spirit with which he afterwards sacrificed health and life in the effort to redeem his honour proves unmistakably that, if he was under a strange blindness, it was not because his transactions had lowered his moral sense. The explanation of his strange ignorance depends partly upon his relations to Constable. Constable was, as he fully believed, a man of solid wealth. Nobody supposed, he remarks in his ‘Diary,’ that Constable’s house was worth less than 150,000*l.* There were ‘great profits on almost all the adventures’ and ‘no bad speculations.’ The impression was natural enough from the outside. Constable was not only energetic, but shrewd; and the schemes which he started ultimately succeeded and justified the soundness of his judgment. Now, if the opinion of his solvency had really been correct, Scott’s position would at least have been comparatively secure. He had, as he admitted, been indulging in expensive tastes; but Abbotsford had now been finished, and he might well suppose that he would not require to accumulate new debts, and could gradually put an end to the system of mutual accommodation. In fact it seems that if Constable could have got safely through the great commercial crisis of 1825, Scott would also have surmounted his difficulties, as he had done in the old troubles of 1813–14. Constable, unfortunately, turned out to have been in a position similar to Scott’s. He had from the first been carrying on his business with insufficient capital, and the profits of his successful speculations had been constantly eaten away by the discounts and interest on loans. He had got into intricate relations with his London agents, Hurst, Robinson & Co., who appear at the period of excitement to have been indulging in reckless speculations, and the consequence was that, when one of the three houses failed, the others collapsed like a house of cards. Scott had said that Constable was as ‘firm as Benlomond.’ What he took for solid rock really rested upon rotten foundations.

That Scott should have felt this implicit confidence is sufficiently explicable. When the publishing business collapsed, Constable had come to his help; and in a short time the former rival had become a close ally. They had a genuine regard for each other.

Although their alliance did not imply purely altruistic motives, their interests were identical. Constable saw in Scott's writings the best of all his speculations. The 'Waverley Novels' and the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' were apparently the backbone of his business. He very naturally wished to monopolise the most popular and most fertile author of the day. He looked upon Scott as a perpetual fountain of popular literature, which could be so directed as to make the fortunes of both. He did everything to stimulate Scott's natural disposition to write. Scott himself thought that his best things were those which came most easily, and was perfectly ready to be stimulated. He was delighted to pour out novel after novel, and to bargain for new novels, yet unwritten and even undesigned. When he wanted more money to buy land, he was ready to take advantage of this easy method of providing funds; and Constable did not discourage him. He could pay for them at least in credit, and was always ready to propose new enterprises. He gave Scott 1,000*l.* for 'Halidon Hill'—a trifle turned out in two rainy mornings—rejoiced in having made such a bargain, and suggested that Scott might add to his income by writing such a thing once a quarter. Scott, again, he observed, might make 6,000*l.* by an edition of the English poets, 'as an occasional relief from more important labours.' He was to edit Shakespeare with Lockhart, and was to contribute to the 'Miscellany,' which was to be a perfect mine of wealth, as indeed it turned out to be in the main a judicious speculation. It was only in the last years that Constable seems to have reflected that even Scott might possibly overwrite himself; and even then he rather proposed that some of the energy might be diverted to other ends, such as history or editing, than that it should be diminished. A publisher who was thus doing all in his power to stimulate the productivity of an author would hardly be inclined to raise any difficulty as to advances or to encourage any doubts as to his own power of paying for the work to be done. Some two years before the crash he had become a little alarmed at the amount of floating obligations, and suggested to Scott the advisability of reducing the quantity of bills. Scott took the suggestion in good part, and proposed, though apparently without carrying out the scheme, to take measures accordingly. Without attributing to Constable anything worse than an oversanguine view of things, it is obvious how Scott would inevitably be affected. Here was the 'Napoleon of publishers,' the shrewdest

of speculators, the most solid, steady, and respectable of men, constantly asking for more. Why should he ask for more? The answer which would suggest itself to any author would no doubt be—because he was making a good thing of it. Scott would take it for granted that all this eagerness and readiness to propose new work meant that the great publisher was growing rich as he was, apparently at least, growing rich himself. No doubt if Scott had been a man of business so far as to be behind the scenes of commercial transactions, he might have heard rumours suggestive of a different explanation. Constable's operations had apparently suggested doubts to competent observers in his own trade. Scott, however, had fifty other occupations, and it is not strange that his confidence in Constable's solvency was equal to Constable's confidence in his literary capacity. One of the assumptions which he took to be certain was thus altogether fallacious, and the danger was sprung upon him from the quarter where he supposed himself to be absolutely safe.

I suggest this, of course, not by way of justifying, but of partly explaining, Scott's illusions. He had been led into the original business by a generous wish to serve a friend. Gradually this had expanded into the grand scheme for putting himself at the head of a great house which should encourage authors, diffuse sound literature, and disseminate sound political doctrine. When his curious want of appreciation of public taste, and his trust in men of inferior education and character, brought him into hopeless difficulties, he seems to have faced the crisis like a man, to have seen the real evils of the case, and to have extricated himself by sound judgment and firmness. Just at this moment, however, he 'struck oil,' if I may say so, by the publication of '*Waverley*', and suddenly discovered that his brains would bring him wealth, and his wealth might place him in the ideal position of landed proprietor. Upon the morality of that ambition it is needless to dilate. Some people regard it simply as a proof of snobbishness or vulgar rapacity, the desire of an upstart for a fine house and showy establishment. With them I need not argue, if only because the answer is given with admirable clearness in Lockhart's concluding chapter. He shows how Scott's whole life was moulded by the passionate desire to carry on the old traditions and preserve the ancient virtues of his race. Of course, he was in some degree an anachronism and Abbotsford a sham. That may be taken for granted, and enlightened

persons may condemn him as a reactionary supporter of extinct prejudices. Only, allowing that the poor man held his convictions, we must also admit that he was not aiming at vulgar display, but at discharging what he took to be a most important social function: protecting his dependents, and supporting his superiors; helping innumerable poor friends and distressed authors; taking an active part in all patriotic movements, and diffusing the most genial goodwill throughout the whole circle of his influence. That this involved a certain 'worldliness,' and a curious mixture of the shrewd common-sense of the lawyer with the romantic visions of the enthusiast, is fully admitted by Lockhart, who also shows in general terms how it led to these financial embarrassments. But Lockhart's natural desire to shield Scott's memory involved here what seems to me a misrepresentation of the facts. The curious combination, that is, between the romantic and the business elements shows itself in a way which Lockhart has to ignore. Scott, he says, 'studiously escaped from whatever could have interfered with his own enjoyment;' put, that is, both his official business and his bill transactions out of his mind in order to retire to the world of the 'Waverley Novels,' or to throw himself into social distractions.

This theory, though we may partly accept it, is pushed too far, if, with Lockhart, we take it to imply that Scott chose to remain ignorant of Ballantyne's conduct of his business. There it plainly conflicts with hard facts. The truth is, apparently, that Scott's romance took a peculiar turn. It implied, in particular, a very low estimate of the value of written romances. No great author ever had a lower opinion of the claims of authors upon the gratitude of mankind. It appeared to him, as we know, perfectly absurd to suppose that the writer of his 'bits of novels' could be worth the attention of the hero of Waterloo. Ardently as he loved literature, he reckoned literature in general, and his own in particular, to be the harmless amusement of life, and only worth considering as an ornamental appendage. I suspect that his view has much more to be said for it in many senses than authors will generally admit. Certainly, it often took the attractive form of personal modesty and of superiority to the fretful touchiness of the ordinary man of letters. Lockhart reports a conversation with Miss Edgeworth in which Scott spoke with deep feeling of the folly of thinking of real life as only material for art. He had,

he said, heard 'higher sentiments' from the uncultivated than he had ever read in books; and he declared that authors would never learn their true calling till they had taught themselves 'to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.' Miss Edgeworth's comment was that, whereas Swift professed to have written that 'people might treat him like a great lord,' Scott wrote that 'he might be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do.' We may paraphrase this by saying that, in Scott's view, the active duties of life were the substantive and the literary activity the mere adjective supplying the graces, or at most stimulating the affections, which had a more important function elsewhere. Miss Edgeworth's interpretation represents the better aspect of the doctrine. There is, of course, another application which is a good deal more doubtful. Scott accepted with complete frankness the view that his own writings were to be entirely subordinate. No doubt, as they expressed his Toryism, his patriotism, his hearty appreciation of manly, independent, and domestic and social affections, they helped to propagate his ideal of life; but they were also distinctly and most avowedly written to sell. He wanted to live his romance more than to write it. The desire may remind us of Milton's doctrine that the man who would write an heroic poem should be 'himself a true poem.' Only, Milton lived in order to write 'Paradise Lost,' whereas Scott wrote 'Waverley' in order to live in his own fashion, and that fashion involved anachronisms not of the truly heroic kind. The result, too, was not what Lockhart implies. This romance did not take him away from the world of bankers' books and balance-sheets. On the contrary, it gave such a charm to the position which he desired that he accepted them as a necessary, though no doubt a very disagreeable, part of the process. All the bill-discounting represented painful thought and recurring anxiety, from which we may well believe that he was glad to escape, whether to writing in his study or superintending Tom Purdie and his labourers. Probably, too, it prevented him from making such an accurate investigation as would have roused him while there was yet time. But, clearly, the disagreeableness of the task did not prevent him from going into even the minute details and regulating all the ultimately ruinous negotiations. The end, unfortunately, sanctified the means; and he forgot his prudence in the delight of being able for a time to realise his fondest dreams. To himself, no doubt, it seemed that when he had got rid of the publishing house, the legacy

which it left of unpaid liabilities was a mere remnant of botheration, which would be gradually wound up. The consummation was postponed from month to month as new temptations arose to invest his money at Abbotsford, and the mass of floating liabilities grew rapidly, though quietly, without prompting any sufficient effort at extrication. When he had once fairly finished his new mansion and rounded off his estates, he fancied that he would be able to shorten sail and bring all this intricate system of accommodation into order. The catastrophe at the end of 1825 destroyed all his chances, and led to that heroic effort which makes it seem almost indecent even to try to investigate the facts. Yet, on the whole, it is as well to know the facts, even about a man whom one loves ; and it seems to me that, though it is impossible for anyone, as it certainly is for me, to unravel the details, the main results are sufficiently unmistakable.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

DUELS OF ALL NATIONS.

GERMAN DUELS AND THEIR PUNISHMENT.

NOT long after I left a German University it was my misfortune to incur the penalty of imprisonment in a fortress, and I had of it an experience of some months. My sentence was the punishment of a duel, and unusually severe; in the first place, because it was fought in a room with the doors locked, which is not allowed; and, in the second place, because, though there were seconds and an *unparteiischer* in obedience to the regulation, there was no surgeon, which is contrary to law. The authorities were pleased to accept bail for my appearance in the sum of 2,000 florins (about 200*l.*). I had had the worst of the encounter, which was of the kind called *Säbel-glacé*—that is, with light cavalry-sabres, the men stripped to the waist. I had received a severe cut in the side, penetrating almost to the lung, and it was some weeks before I was on my feet again. When the trial took place I secured the services of an advocate, whose main function, it appeared, was to be snubbed by the Court. The *Staatsanwalt* did most of the talking, and to some purpose. I was sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the fortress of Rastadt, close to where the duel had taken place. This punishment the Grand Duke of Baden was afterwards graciously pleased to reduce by six weeks. My prison was in a wing of the Palace, the other being used as an arsenal. In the main building were the old State apartments of the Margravine Gisella. The wing I was in was divided into two great suites, one a prison, the other the apartments of the Governor. The prisoners were either duellists, officers of the army confined for breaches of discipline, or journalists and orators who expressed their opinion of the Government too freely. I had two companions in misfortune, both Americans and students of the Polytechnic School at Carlsruhe—a Mr. G., of New York, who, after an altercation with the sergeant in charge of the swimming-school at Carlsruhe, had thrown him into the water; and a Mr. T., a stalwart Virginian, who, after a long carouse at the *Kneipe* with his fellow-students, fell foul of a sentry, whom he pommelled to his heart's content, and, when a lieutenant and his men came out of the guard-house to arrest him, made a determined resist-

ance. Both of these gentlemen had been sentenced to the same term of imprisonment as myself.

Our quarters consisted of three large, well-ventilated, handsome rooms, facing on the great courtyard of the Palace, where the band played every day at noon when the guard was relieved. This was a great joy to us, as the beaux and belles of the little garrison town promenaded under the trees as long as the music lasted. We had likewise free access to a long covered gallery, where we took exercise in wet weather, and enjoyed a fine view of the great *Exercierplatz*, or drill-ground, behind the Palace, where the little Grand Ducal soldiers were busy at the goose-step all day long. It was soon after 1866, and the process of Prussianizing the armies of the minor German States was actively going on. They improved marvellously under the process, carrying out the most complicated movements with marvellous precision and rapidity. Our custodian was old Hegele, who had been a *Feld-webel*—a first sergeant of infantry—in his younger days, and had received this post as the reward of long and meritorious services with the colours. His present emoluments were large; a great number of ‘tips’ and boxes of cigars fell to his share, for, as it was in his power to subject us to a good many petty annoyances, he was liberally treated. His daughter, a buxom little black-eyed lass of fifteen, brought us our *Kaffee* of a morning. She was inclined to flirt a little indiscreetly, I am afraid, with some of the *einjährige*, or one-year volunteers, of the garrison, who were always hanging about her.

One of Hegele’s duties was to accompany us during our daily two hours’ walk. The instructions were, that we must not go beyond the outer line of the fortifications, nor enter any house. Any officer of the garrison who would call and become responsible for our safe return could replace Hegele as our companion during the walk. I knew a great many, so that Hegele was seldom called upon to go with me, though I always paid him, of course, the small fee he was entitled to for this service.

A curious custom of the duellists who had been confined there was to scribble their names on the walls, with the date of their duel, and above it crossed swords or pistols, to show the weapons used. When the duel had a fatal issue, a rudely drawn skull and cross-bones surmounted the whole. One student’s name was topped with a couple of crossed keys of enormous size, like the emblems of St. Peter. I was told that in a fight with the police,

he had struck a *Nachtwächter*, or watchman, over the head with his *Hausschlüssel*, or what corresponds to a latchkey in Germany, and usually weighs about a pound; a most formidable instrument of offence. For this he served a long term of imprisonment, consoling himself with the fact that, though tiresome, his punishment was *nicht entehrend* (not dishonouring), and in this we find the main reason why 'fortress' as a means of putting a stop to duelling will never be a success.

But for the superstitious, Rastadt had terrors of another kind far greater than that of imprisonment. *Die weisse Dame*, the White Lady, the spirit of the wicked little Margravine Gisella, is said to walk the Palace, and has even visited the outer fortifications. Stories were told, and probably are told still, of a sentry at one of the Eisenbahnlunetten, the two little forts that flank the line of railway, who had been heard, one gloomy night, to challenge three times. Then a shot was heard. His comrades rushed out of the guard-house to find him gone, and deaf to all shouted appeals to return. Another was put in his place. The next morning at dawn the dead body of the missing sentry was found *without a wound* at the foot of the glacis, five hundred yards away. The White Lady, of course!

Worst of all is said to be the season of Advent, when she walks more than ever—so the ghost-fanciers say. Then the windows of the arsenal wing of the old Palace, the ones facing ours, would glow with strange light; and hazy shadows, as of dames and cavaliers in the costumes of another age, would fall athwart the panes, gliding through the figures of minuet or polonaise. This only, be it said, by way of parenthesis, on bright moonlight nights, when the beams were reflected from the windows. A curious fact, however, for which I can vouch but do not pretend to account, is that a dog brought into our rooms would often, without apparent reason, fall into a state of abject terror, creep under a sofa or a bed, and then give utterance to a series of low, dismal semi-suppressed howls with an effect, as the Germans say, *ganz unheimlich*. The White Lady did not seem to be fond of animals. Like the other White Lady of the *Schloss* at Berlin, she only walks when death or misfortune threatens the reigning house, which, at Rastadt, of course can only mean the Grand Ducal family of Baden. Many instances are quoted of her being seen just before one of the Zähringen goes to his long account.

Not long before I came, three officers of a squadron in the

Grand Duke's dragoons, quartered at Mannheim, got into trouble with their captain, who charged them with mutinous conduct. A court martial sent them to Rastadt for three months. They were released at the end of the first for the following reason. It was in Advent, and the three prisoners' rooms, while not communicating, all open on the same wide corridor. Baron von S., related by a morganatic marriage to the Grand Ducal family, possessed a remarkable tenor voice. He was sitting at his piano (we were allowed to hire a piano if we liked), and was playing a prelude. All at once he heard a piercing scream, and then the door of the prisoner's room furthest from him, the third, was violently closed. In a few seconds another piercing scream rang out, and the door of the middle room of the three, the one next to his, banged to ! Then, frozen to his seat with horror, he saw the door of his own room, which he had tightly closed on account of a draught, noiselessly open without any visible human agency, when there floated towards him, as he described it, 'a something' that chilled his blood ! More he could not tell, as, after adding his piercing shriek to the rest, he fell in a dead faint on the floor. The three officers were examined separately before a military commission, and corroborated, on their word of honour, one another's testimony. They were released, as they had been condemned to imprisonment—and not to ghosts.

My two companions and I were provided with an excellent set of nerves, but as the White Lady cropped up pretty often in our conversation, and everyone in the place appeared to believe in her, we came at last to have a qualified belief in her ourselves, while making sturdy efforts to keep this dispiriting fact from one another. It was tacitly agreed, however, that no ghost pranks were to be played, and that any white-sheet business after dark was to be visited with condign punishment. The only infringement of this excellent rule was when Mr. T. bet me two bottles of champagne that I would not go into the long covered gallery on the stroke of midnight, and remain there alone till the great clock of the Palace struck the quarter. I booked the wager, and while in the long gloomy gallery, my ears were assailed by a succession of the most dismal groans and mournful wails, rising occasionally to a shriek ; which, as it was a gusty, stormy night, disagreeably impressed me. I knew T., however, and suspected that the awful noises were his work. I won the two bottles ; when T. confessed that the moans and shrieks had been obtained

by wedging his penknife tightly between the door and the stone floor, which, as the wind forced the door to and fro, produced those dreadful sounds. I was very glad, I must confess, to hear the clock strike the quarter, which had seemed to me marvellously long.

The plaster ornaments on the ceiling of my room were of the seventeenth century, and represented the Turkish prisoners brought back in chains, from his campaigns in Hungary, by the fighting Margrave Ludwig, whom Evelyn saw at the Court of King William the Third. The room was comfortably furnished, and my valet was allowed to wait upon me during the day. In the matter of food, wine, beer or spirits, no restriction was placed upon us. Whatever we could pay for we could have; champagne three times a day if we cared for it. The poorer prisoners, and none of them there were very poor, had their food cooked for them by Frau Hegele. Those better off as regards means had their food sent from an inn, and paid for it by the month. There was no fixed rule about visits; indeed, I suspect that some of the students and officers carried on clandestine love affairs by arrangement with little Fräulein Hegele, who came and went as she pleased, and at all hours. As for visits, an officer needed only to present himself. Other callers had to send their cards to the Governor, who granted permission to visit us as a matter of course.

Books and newspapers we were allowed to have *ad libitum*, and could write or receive as many letters as we pleased without our mail being tampered with. We could play the piano or sing, or make as much noise as we liked at any hour of the day or night. Some gave little supper parties in their rooms to their officer friends. But this privilege was taken away because it had been abused. After one of these entertainments, when a good deal of wine had been drunk, the crockery-ware, glasses, and bottles were flung out of the windows into the courtyard below, where the broken remnants were found in the morning, to the unutterable disgust of the stout old general, the Governor, the *Frau Generalin*, his white-haired wife, and the flaxen-haired Fräuleins, their daughters.

A good deal has been said of the Courts of Honour as constituted in Germany to settle disputes between officers of the army and navy. As for that, every Prussian colonel is a Court of Honour in himself. No duel in the regiment takes place without his knowledge or permission, at least among the younger officers,

and when insulting epithets are bandied about, or personal violence has been used, he has been known to insist on a duel, when the principals were by no means thirsting for each other's blood. But the Courts of Honour in the Middle Ages, of which there were three permanently in session, at Wurzburg in Franconia, at Anspach, and at Halle, were a serious matter. When the heralds had three times cried aloud, 'Let the good combatants go,' and the fight had been fought out, the vanquished, alive or dead, was drawn on a hurdle, naked but for his shirt, to the gallows, and there hanged, or branded and declared infamous, according to the nature of his offence. A curious Court of Honour was one that sat at Münster in 1846, as the Rhenish newspapers of the time bear witness. In June of that year in Münster, Westphalia, Baron von D., of the 11th Hussars, and Herr von B., of the 13th Regiment of the Line, exchanged some sharp words over a game of billiards. The quarrel was referred to a Court of Honour, which decided that, as the Baron refused to retract his offensive words, the two gentlemen must fight it out. The duel took place in the great plain north of Münster. In the middle of it was erected a stand for the judges, and in front of them a certain space had been roped in for the duellists and their seconds. Around this the ground was kept clear by detachments of infantry and cavalry, while beyond was a crowd of spectators numbering several thousands. The duel was fought with cavalry sabres, of which a great sheaf was brought into the enclosed space. From these each of the combatants, after being blindfolded, selected a weapon. Both men were stripped to the waist. Herr von B. received two slight cuts on the arm, but soon afterwards gave the Baron a slash across the hip that put an end to the combat. The Tribunal then ordered the gentlemen to shake hands, which they did, and the troops marched home.

It is a mistake to think that sabre duels are rarely fatal. In 1847 Baron von L., a student at Bonn, only seventeen years of age, of an ancient Rhenish family, fought a sabre duel with another student, a Count S., a few years his senior. After a few passes, with a sweeping stroke, the Baron lopped the Count's arm off a little below the elbow, when the latter bled to death. The Baron fled and enlisted a year later as *avantageur*, or cadet, in a regiment of Hussars, ordered for service in the campaign undertaken by Prussia to suppress the revolution in the Duchy of Baden. The Baron distinguished himself at the passage of a

river in front of the enemy. Thirty years later he returned to Bonn as colonel of the regiment of Hussars in garrison there, and the authorities of the town and the University which had expelled him came out to meet him and read him an address of welcome. To-day he is a Prussian Field Marshal.

At Baden-Baden, beloved of English tourists, is a lovely promenade called the *Allée des Soupirs*, a favourite rendezvous of lovers. Yet in this charming spot, a man met his death in single combat. Baron de H., of Frankfort-on-the-Main, fought a duel there for the *beaux yeux* of a lady of high rank, with a young Spaniard who had taken service in the Grand Duke's dragoons; the latter was shot through the heart. Out of this bloody encounter came another, even more terrible in its results, in which both the combatants fell. They were Baron von G., an officer of the Baden dragoons, and de W., a Russian officer. The cause of the duel was frivolous, a pettish remark made by a Russian lady of rank. Baron de H., the survivor of the first duel, was proposed as a member, about a year after it, of a ladies' and gentlemen's club at Baden. Baron von G. was invited to apply for membership, and accepted, but at once withdrew his name when he saw that Baron de H. was also proposed as a member. 'Never,' said von G., 'would he allow his name to go before a club to which the slayer of his brother officer belonged.' This caused a scandal, and a Russian lady, who was a friend of H.'s, told de W. that if this had happened in Russia some member of the club would have challenged von G. De W., who was young and in love with his countrywoman, took the words as an appeal to himself. A stranger to von G., he sent his seconds to him in the morning. The duel was fought near Rastadt with pistols, and, curiously enough, both men were killed with the same one. De W. fired first and shot von G. through the stomach. Too faint to stand, the latter was held up in the arms of his seconds to take his shot. His pistol missed fire. Moved by a chivalric impulse de W. sprang forward, picked up the smoking pistol he had just flung away, and handed it to von G.'s seconds. They took it, reloaded, and gave it to von G., who, held up in their arms, took a steady aim, and shot the Russian through the heart. Both were young, brave, and remarkably handsome. It seemed a great waste of good gallantry.

The American duel (unknown in America, by the way) plays a great part in German life. Two men who have a deadly quarrel draw lots to see which of them shall commit suicide

before the end of the year. When a student at Heidelberg, I remember such a duel between a German and a Pole. They drew lots; the German lost. As he fell deeply in love a little later with a girl he wished to marry, he wrote to the Pole, stated the case to him, and asked his permission to live, now that he had something to live for. No answer was returned. The Pole had gone away on a journey. On the last day of the year the German blew his brains out! He was a corps-student, and was buried by torchlight. His comrades of the five corps followed the hearse in full regalia, with crape sashes, and sword-hilts draped with crape. The band played Chopin's 'Funeral March.' It was a weird sight, and I very young, so that it made a deep impression on me.

Count B., an officer I knew, killed himself in the train between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle as the outcome, it is supposed, of a similar duel. His dead body was found in the railway carriage when the train arrived at Aix. A man who happened to be in the same compartment with him was put on trial for his life, but was acquitted. He testified that at the station, just before the long tunnel, two gentlemen came to the window and exchanged a few words in a low voice with the officer. He heard a shot while the train was in the tunnel, and, when it emerged at the other end, saw Count B. lying in a pool of blood on the floor. That the suicide took place as the result of an American duel was but a surmise, but was generally believed in Count B.'s regiment. A deputation of its officers deposited a wreath of flowers on his grave, as that of 'one who had died for honour.'

No matter what fines or imprisonment or other penalties short of death or dishonour may be meted out to German duellists, the duel will continue to exist in Germany until the temper of the upper classes undergoes a change, and they come to believe that duelling, as a method of settling a dispute, is not only wrong but silly. At present the so-called rules of duelling honour are absolute for every member of the upper classes, except the clergy and the king.

JAMES PEMBERTON GRUND.

THE COST OF COUNTRY HOUSES.

LORD CARRINGTON made last November a speech to a meeting at Southport in which he took the public into his confidence on the financial results of his career as a landed proprietor. In the course of these autobiographical details, he took occasion to condemn the practice of maintaining the large country houses. He had sold one of two which he inherited, and though, in addition to keeping up the other, he himself had paid off 360,000*l.* of charges, besides buying a small estate, in thirty-eight years, he was very severe on other people for keeping up ‘palaces’ in these bad times. In giving this advice he assumed that the income which keeps up these houses is derived from land, which is only true in some cases, and quoted the instance of a friend of his in East Anglia whose place cost him 10,000*l.* a year before his horses began to eat. He assumed that the owners cannot afford to keep up their houses, and was clearly of opinion that if they could they ought not to do so.

The fact that so many of these houses are kept up disposes of the doubt of the owners’ ability to do so. In the greater number of cases they do maintain their ‘palaces,’ and the maintenance is very costly, though the form and direction of this expenditure are very little understood. It must be remembered that the ‘house,’ from the point of view of cost, includes park, lakes, gardens, keepers, workshops, and home farm. From the details given later the reader will be able to judge whether the money so spent is a gain or loss to the country-side, and whether this is the time to discourage the owners from doing so, or advise them to *dénicher* themselves from the houses they have inherited.

The calibre of houses has always been difficult to estimate. The window tax was a rough-and-ready attempt to do this for revenue purposes. It is proposed here to use as a gauge the number of persons employed in the maintenance of the house and its surroundings. ‘Men, not walls, make a city,’ and it is men, not walls, that make the country ‘house’ from the point of view of cost. Their number is a measure both of the annual cost of the house, and of the completeness of its maintenance. Wages are

also far the largest item in expenditure. In all cases it is quite out of proportion to the mere cost of living.

It will be shown later that the lowest number by which a 'great house' and its gardens, parks, and accessories can be served and kept up is from fifty to sixty men. In any case this gives a dividing line between the establishments which Lord Carrington means when he speaks of the cost of country houses to the great landed proprietors, and the dwelling-house of smaller proportions. Of these 'great houses,' or country Houses, with a capital H, there are, in addition to the royal palaces, not less than 900 in England, Wales, and Scotland; and as 'one star differeth from another in glory,' so by the gauge of 'maintenance,' to use the word in its Old English sense, we may divide the country-house firmament into stars of the third, second, and first magnitude.

Those of the third magnitude have a minimum staff of fifty men. Those of the second magnitude, some of them very large and splendid houses,¹ almost or quite reaching the first dimensions, employ from 90 to 150 or 170 men. Beyond these are the stars of the first magnitude, real palaces, maintaining from 200 to, in one case—not Chatsworth—more than 600 men in the performance of work, other than industrial or agricultural, in the service of the owner. In this striking but not unique case the annual wages fund must exceed at the lowest estimate 25,000*l.*, but the proportions assigned respectively to house and estate maintenance cannot here be given.

Of these 900 great houses we shall be within the mark in assigning 60 to the first magnitude and 200 to the second, leaving 640 for the third division. In this division there is a wide margin of transition, some growing, others decaying, some rising to the second magnitude, others falling below the third, as fortunes wax and wane.

Lord Carrington stated that his instance of the place on which its owner spent 10,000*l.* per annum before his horses began to eat referred to a house in East Anglia. The sum seems large, but the following figures of the staff maintained several years ago at a house in Suffolk—not a 'palace' in any sense of the word—will show the distribution of such expenditure. The list is confined to the male employés, and it should be noticed that

¹ There is not necessarily any difference in the size of the houses. Wages, as has been said before, are the main differentiation.

166 were engaged in duties outside the house and only 17 indoors. The owner of this house died, and was succeeded by a distant relation with other estates. It is consequently shut up, or, in the more expressive phrase of the South African miner, 'shut down.'

Indoors	17
Stable	16
Keepers and night men	16
Warreners	4
Parks and lakes	10
Gardeners	40
Lodgekeepers	3
Blacksmiths	2
Carpenters	7
Painters	3
Engineers	2
Home farm	38 ¹
Brick kilns	9 ²
Bricklayers	4 ²
Wheelwrights	2 ²
Total	173

The agent and clerk of the works are omitted from the list, as are also the women-servants; but the total wages fund for men was not less than 8,000*l.* per annum. If rates, seedsman's bills, taxes, and cost of material for repairs, other than bricks, be added, this gives a total not much below the instance quoted by Lord Carrington. The cost of these houses and how it mounts up is a study quite outside the range of ordinary economics.

To get a clear view of the *area* over which the money is spent one should join the Peripatetic School, and actually or in imagination walk about the place, starting by choice at the park railings, for this is the geographical limit of 'house' expenditure, except the keepers' beats.

It is a common idea that parks 'keep themselves.' They do not. On the contrary, they are very costly. The sum varies in every individual case. Their size, the kind of fencing round them, the number and width of the roads, the age of the trees, and the presence or absence of deer are all factors to be considered. Deer give a great 'air' to a park. In this case costliness

¹ This department and the gardens were special favourites of the owner. Pedigree cattle bred in numbers.

² These were maintained on the home establishment, but also worked for the whole estate.

and consideration go together, for a deer park is far the most expensive to maintain. The owner first foregoes the rent of the deer pasture, and in addition gives them food—not much, perhaps 10*s.* per deer—which makes 250*l.* per annum for a herd of 500 head. His deer fence must be high and in good order. One hardly likes to guess the cost of repairs to the loose stone wall round Badminton Park, high enough to prevent a deer leaping it, and enclosing 986 deer. At Welbeck there are ten and a half miles of iron fencing round the three deer parks. Thoresby Park is twelve miles round. Though the deer have been removed or destroyed in no less than fifty parks since 1867, there are 404 deer parks and paddocks in England and Wales alone, and eight of these are of over 2,000 acres. Savernake is 4,000 acres. There are very many over 1,000 acres. The area has an additional interest for the owner, because the bigger the park the more gates and lodges and roads it needs, and park roads, except town roads, are the dearest in this country. In parks like Eridge with 2,500 acres, Knowsley 2,600 acres, Blenheim 2,254 acres, Tatton 2,000 acres, and others of less size, the mileage of roads, unless their number were kept down, would rival those of a moderate parish. As they must look smooth and nice and there is no regular traffic to smash up and grind in big stones, all the 'metal' must be broken up very fine before being laid down. In many parks gravel is then carefully sifted in between the metalling, and a very pretty but most expensive road is made. The edges also must look neat, and the edge of the turf be cut square at the side and drains made at intervals. Repairing, weeding, and sweeping these roads provides nicely for the old men who are past hard work, but can earn part wages in this way.

The reader will by this time be rather glad to get out of the park. But in consideration of the pleasure they give other people, we will ask him so far to share the owner's burden as to consider further the cost of the trees, the lakes, and the ponds. Trees are a varying item of expenditure. In new parks they are always needing labour and protection. Planting, which must go on to some extent to replace waste, is no use without protection against deer and cattle, and the 'collars' round young trees cost as much as the tree and the labour of planting. This cost increases where the trees planted are ornamental conifers, with a wider spread. Old trees protect themselves, but need a good deal of care and judicious lopping and patching when limbs die or

break. This all needs skilled labour, and is an unremunerative form of forestry.

The following figures give the highest and lowest cost of a park of 700 acres, not stocked with deer, but much of it recently made and planted during a period of ten years: Highest, 969*l.* (mainly planting); lowest, 234*l.* In the last year only 61*l.* worth of trees were planted, which cost 26*l.* for hauling and 35*l.* for protection and props. To this must be added the expense of ornamental water. The repair of the outfall and sluices, where natural wear and tear goes on throughout the year, makes the most constant demand; but cleaning out an ornamental pool of any size is a very heavy addition to the budget. Large lakes usually do not need much cleaning if properly constructed. In one, which by oversight had been converted into a 'catch pit' for the mud of a river, 5,000*l.* was spent in cleaning out in one year. In small lakes the water goes wrong in hot seasons. If the mud is then cleared away, the man who lightly talks of hundreds of loads soon finds that he has to pay for thousands. So far, if the park is large, the owner will be fortunate if he can maintain it with less than nine men—three for the care of deer and trees, two for lakes and reservoir, three (old men) for the roads and palings, and one permanent lodge-keeper. The other lodges will be ' minded' by the men's wives. The wages of the men will amount roughly to 400*l.*, to which must be added the cost of the deer, say 150*l.* for actual food for a herd of 300, making with the loss of grazing, say 200*l.*, a total cost of 750*l.* for the park.

But we are only on the 'fringe' of expenditure. The gardens are relatively, and in many cases actually, the most expensive luxury of the country house. Their cost is out of all proportion to that of every other department. This *damnosa hereditas* has accrued by some centuries of changing taste. As soon as the English proprietors began to replace their old Tudor and Jacobite houses by Italian palaces and villas the number of 'hands' employed rose by a third; in some cases it was doubled. This was due, not mainly to the increased size of the houses, but to the huge gardens and terraces in which they were set to complete the architectural effect. The gardens and terraces of Italy were cultivated and kept in order by very cheap labour. Masonry and stonework was a craft as familiar to the Italian peasant as farm carpentering to the English countryman. Cheap labour and plenty of it was always available for repairs. Here special work-

men, well paid, must be employed for the purpose. The frosts of our winters, constantly breaking up the masonry, keep them well employed. Then English taste, formed in the small old-fashioned gardens, insisted on filling the great new gardens with flowers and keeping the grass as 'lawns.' This meant a large staff of good florists. The conservatory was then invented, and a permanent contingent of more highly paid men was needed to 'work under glass.' At Kew some 50 men are at work in the houses, and 150 out of doors. One tenth of this staff gives five men for the houses and fifteen for the gardens; and this number is about the minimum employed on the maintenance of the gardens of the medium-sized great country houses. The total often greatly exceeds this; and without including such instances as Chatsworth, Alton Towers, Welbeck, Clumber, and other 'stars of the first magnitude,' it would not be difficult to name two hundred houses in which the garden staff is from twenty-five to forty. The young unmarried men receive on an average 25*s.* a week; the more experienced 30*s.*, and perhaps a house; and the head gardener anything from 100*l.* to 200*l.* per annum and a house. This, for a staff of fifteen—ten at 25*s.*, four at 30*s.*, and a head gardener at 100*l.*—gives 1,025*l.* for minimum wages cost in the garden. Add cost of seeds, plants, and coals, say 120*l.*, and we have a minimum cost of 1,145*l.* But this is a very low estimate. The forty men at the house mentioned in the beginning of this paper, with the price of coal and plants, cost the owner a clear 3,000*l.* a year. In the houses of the 'first magnitude' the expansion of glass and gardens brings the staff up with a rush. At Welbeck the 'kitchen' gardens cover thirty-two acres. This is the guide-book description of the glass houses :

'First comes the Tropical Fruit House, with its bananas, cape gooseberries, geravas, citrons, oranges, &c. Then follows the main range of Vineries, containing grapes in every stage of forcing and fructification. Next the Plant House, divided into three sections, and devoted to flowers and tropical plants. An extensive Fruit and Vegetable House contains a section for rearing all kinds of vegetables, a fig house, where the roof and sides form a perfect canopy of figs, peaches, nectarines, &c., and the adjoining section is devoted to the growth of cherries.'

Almost every kind of 'specialised' gardening under glass is found here. There are cultivated separately palms, roses, rhododendrons, carnations, lapagerias, ferns, and eucharis lilies. There

is a peach house 240 yards long, and an apricot house still larger.

Gardens like this are the great schools of the art and mystery of raising the choice flowers, fruit trees, and shrubs of the world—‘universities’ of floriculture maintained by private endowment. The gardens of the minor country seats stand to these as ‘affiliated colleges,’ each distributing knowledge of gardening ‘up to date’ to its own neighbourhood. These also were the original training ground for the thousands of skilled gardeners employed in the suburban houses of London, Birmingham, and the North. Two modern requisites of the country house have come as a late addition—the gas house and the electric-light machinery. The pure water supply is now considered of great importance, and often needs a small reservoir or a set of hydraulic machinery. Skilled men are required to superintend each. A smith’s shop and a carpenter’s shop have usually been found to be a saving in repairs. The laundry is a necessary and expensive institution. The dairy, if the master or mistress of the house has a fancy for valuable cows and improved butter making, is costly and requires some skilled hands, men to look after the cattle and maids to work the produce; but this is often a paying branch of the establishment. And lastly there are the stables. Good horses and carriages are almost the greatest luxury of country life, and are personal to the owner. This department is, however, the only one which is ‘elastic’; and it is in this, to him perhaps the most directly productive of pleasure, that the owner most commonly retrenches when necessary. This is partly because of the great direct saving which can be made, partly because the relations of the stable staff are more ‘impersonal’ than those of most of the men employed. They are drawn from all parts of the country, and are not so often in direct connection with the service of the landlord or his forbears. The buildings and fittings remain to be kept in order. Here is a year’s total for this item on stables built in 1873, paid in 1894, when horses were reduced to a minimum—

	£ s. d.
General repairs, carpenter, ironwork, roof, floors and drainage	268 10 6
Painting	36 0 0
	<hr/>
	304 10 6

‘Working inwards,’ as we have done in the geographical sense, from the outer rim of the large country house, which begins at

the park railings, through the lodges, up the park roads, past the lake, through about fifteen acres of gardens, past the engine house and hydraulic sheds, missing the dairy and laundry, but taking a glance into the stables and coach-house, the aggregate of men employed outside the house itself has been adding up at a handsome rate. We have no need to inquire particularly into the interior organisation, as the methods and complement of the *domus et penetralia* are much the same in every large establishment. One man indoors to ten outdoors is a common average proportion. The keepers must be classed among the 'house' employés, for they are kept in the interests of the house and cannot be debited to estate management any more than can the services of the stable staff. A minimum staff for a house of the third magnitude will take shape more or less as follows:

Parks, lodges, roads, lakes, and woods	9
Stables	6
Gardens	16
Keepers and watchers	8
Gas and electric light	2
Extra clerk in agent's office	1
Masons	2
Carpenters	2
Smiths	2
Indoors	6
Offices	2
Dairy and laundry	2
	—
	Total 58
Add women employed (at a low estimate)	20
	—
	Total 78

This will give a wages bill for men of about 2,600*l.* and for women servants 850*l.* This is so low an estimate that few people would 'take the contract.'

The expansion of the country house from the third to the second magnitude comes about in two ways. First, when a larger house—often a real 'palace'—larger gardens, more park, and more roads raise the quantity and cost of service all round. Secondly, when the owner develops some special department as well as it can be done—far beyond the mere standard of efficiency. The wider his tastes the more likely this is. In any case the wages bill rises greatly beyond that of the house in which things are only 'kept going.' Here are the numbers actually employed in such a country house, with every department well equipped.

The list may be compared with that given at the beginning of this paper :

	Total men.	Women.
Gardens.—1 head gardener and 25 men	26	
Parks, lakes, and woods.—1 forester and 11 men	12	
Roads, walls, and quarries	9	
Stables.—Stud groom, 2 coachmen, 4 grooms, 4 helpers, and pad groom	12	
Laundry.—5 women and 1 man	1	5
Home farm.—1 bailiff, 3 cowmen, 1 shepherd, 2 carriers, 8 labourers	15	
Workmen (these also do repairs on the estate).—6 carpenters, 3 masons, 3 painters, 2 tilers, 3 plumbers, 2 engineers, 1 timekeeper, 1 clerk of the works	21	
Game.—1 head keeper and 8 keepers	9	
House.—Men, all departments	13	
Women, all departments		21
	Totals 118	26

Perhaps the owner runs a laboratory, or amuses himself with a workshop, or has a fancy for orchids and adds half-a-dozen experienced hands to the glass houses ; or the lady of the house is fond of her dairy and has it lined with Minton tiles, and makes butter by steam ; or the boys are keen on cricket, and a ground man and professional are engaged in the autumn holidays. If the owner has a taste for pictures, or books, or astronomy, more skilled labour' has to be employed. There is hardly any limit to the number of horses kept if the owner has the means and inclination to 'go out' in that line. The late Duke of Hamilton had 120 at Easton, including the brood mares and young stock. But this number was largely made up of hunters and thoroughbreds. If the stock is bred by the owner, we may suppose six brood mares, six foals, six yearlings, six two-year-olds and three-year-olds—say thirty non-workers to start with. Three good pairs, two of large horses and a pair of cobs, and one or two single-harness horses for emergencies and town work, will not be too much for a big place. If the owner does not hunt he will want two or three saddle horses. Then there must be a garden horse to drag the mowing machine and cart coal, leaves, &c., though these can hardly be included under 'stables.' A stud of this size would raise the number of hands in the stable from six to twelve, with keep of horses and maintenance of carriages in proportion.

So far we have dealt almost exclusively with the expenses of the outdoor establishment. The cost of the house itself—

other than the cost of living, which is outside the scope of this paper—can be split roughly between outside repairs, indoor repairs, and service. All these are on a scale proportionately far higher, even allowing for difference in size, than in an ordinary dwelling house. In these houses, great and less, the original material is generally more costly, and the scale of each part unusual, and therefore out of the common form of work when repairing has to be done. The ‘parts’ and fittings which go to make up a palace are not kept in duplicate in shops or builders’ yards. Everything is on a special scale, and, like the big guns, has to be paid for at a rate out of all proportion to that required for smaller ordnance. Roofs are a never-ending trouble. One owner was wont to say that if his roofs had been made of silver they could hardly have cost more, and he should have something instead of nothing to show for the money. The actual façades are so well built and of such durable materials—usually Portland stone, granite, ashlar, or free-stone—that they do not ‘peel,’ and there is no outside painting. On the other hand, chimneys and parapets are always being patched, owing to the ravages of the great destroyer—frost. Window and door painting in a house where there may be as many windows as days in the year is no light item. Indoor repairs—necessary painting, not ornamental (50*l.* for a single large room), replacing backs of fire-grates in from 60 to 100 rooms, renewing cement on stone staircases, and other minor repairs, all cost money; and if by bad luck the drains go wrong, 500*l.* or 600*l.* are ‘nowhere.’

The cost of keeping *ornamental* painting of interiors in order goes mainly in cleaning and care. The ornamental painting of a single large room in one of these mansions—such a room as may be seen in many typical houses of the kind—cost 1,000*l.* This needs careful cleaning, occasional regilding, and the maintenance of an even temperature. This is also demanded for the preservation of valuable pictures.

The average cost of ornamental repairs can scarcely be estimated in the absence of any standard. Unfortunately there does not appear to be any fixed ratio known for the percentage on first cost of structural repairs either. There is a general agreement that a house costing 40,000*l.* or 60,000*l.* to build demands a higher percentage for repair than a house costing 5,000*l.*; but the exact proportion does not seem agreed upon. When the owners are absent for any length of time it would require a manager of

Shoolbred's to say how many hundred yards of brown holland at 9d. a yard it takes to wrap everything up in. Books, curtains, hangings, and carpets¹ all need constant overhauling, and even when the owners are away the housekeeper and some part of the female servants must be left to do this. The distribution of female domestic service in the house is an interesting question which must here be omitted. Many of the women servants are transferable; but at least one-sixth of the number employed are permanently part of the country house staff.

Here we may pause and ask the selfish question—What benefit do other people, not employees, derive from the maintenance of the great country house? If it is within reach of a large town, especially a manufacturing town, the contributions to the pleasure of a large population are more concrete and obvious than in the remote country districts. On the other hand, the big towns could afford to 'run' fine parks and gardens for themselves if they chose, while the scattered rural population have literally no other chance of seeing all this outdoor magnificence and beauty than that given them by the great proprietors' grounds. Leaving reflection and coming to business, here is a generalisation made out by comparing what is done for public entertainment and enjoyment in a number of representative large houses, and combining the common elements, much as a 'type' photograph is made up by superimposing different images and combining the common features:

THE PUBLIC'S SHARE.

A park.—Open usually, sometimes on certain days only.

Woods.—To walk and picnic in, and in return plenty of mischief and orange peel.

Flower gardens.—'Grounds,' walks, terraces, and lawns open on stated days.

A golf ground.

One or two cricket grounds.

A parish club (for the village).

¹ Travellers by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway usually look forward to the view of Arundel Castle, standing on its high walled scarp above the Arun Valley. A year or two ago the front of this walled scarp, some forty or fifty feet high, appeared covered with gorgeous colours, like vast creepers in flower. A closer examination showed that it was the result of a 'spring cleaning' at the Castle, in which what appeared to be acres of carpets were hung over the great terrace wall for air and sun.

Five or six football grounds at nominal rents. (These near big towns in the north.)

A skating rink.

A curling pond (in the north).

A rifle range.

One or two churches restored.

One or more schools maintained.

Old castles and abbeys in the grounds kept from further ruin and open for visitors.

INDOORS.

A picture gallery.

A collection of furniture good enough for South Kensington.

Bric-à-brac (ditto).

One proprietor maintains a racecourse for his tenants and neighbours to run their horses ; others a natural history museum ; Colonel Pitt Rivers a reconstructed British village. Lord Craven keeps the great White Horse in order, and the whole hill is at the visitors' disposal. The list could be extended to any length.

The historical monuments kept in order gratis by the owners of the big houses must number many hundreds. Probably the finest and most costly is Haddon Hall. This, perhaps the finest Tudor house in England, which would let for 3,000*l.* per annum, is maintained in perfect repair and kept furnished, though never occupied, for other people to go and look at, by the Duke of Rutland, who also maintains a house of the first magnitude—Belvoir Castle. These are among the more obvious advantages of our 'country houses' to the 'public'. To the owner the maintenance of the country house is an end in itself, part of his business and satisfaction in life ; and he understands it just as the inheritor of a great business grows up to understand that. In many cases London properties, mineral areas, or town properties in the manufacturing districts have been set aside by will for the maintenance of the country house. In others it is perfectly understood that this is a 'first charge' on town properties. The towns get an adequate return, for the wages fund spent at the country seat arrests the rush of competing rural labour to the towns. The standard of living, the beauty of the interiors, the order and method of the big house, are not without their influence even among country neighbours. There are few 'palaces' without a village by their gates, and there the houses and cottages are

brought up to the general standard of the place. All the employment given is permanent, lasting throughout the year. The different branches of the establishment are centres of practical knowledge of country life and good housekeeping. The female domestic service is as finished as the work of the men. All those who have 'qualified' can earn good wages elsewhere; and though the work is less amusing than in smaller houses, where every department is less specialised, the training is better. The relations between mistresses and servants are also far more permanent than in ordinary service. All the work *must* be done well. Whether the employé is in the garden, stables, hothouses, pantry, kitchen, home farm, or carpenter's shop, the quality of all work turned out is as good as the tradition and knowledge of 'how things should be done' can make them. From this arise two excellent results—satisfaction and pride in the work done, a very marked trait in the character of the employés of great houses, and a chance of advancement either under their present master or elsewhere. The late Sir Joseph Paxton, who rose from the post of gardener at Chiswick House to be the agent at Chatsworth, designer of the Great Exhibition buildings and a Member of Parliament, is the typical instance of such promotion. Competent men in all departments have a chance of rising. If any of the employés has talent he also has a chance of showing it. Then the great employer has many opportunities of recommending a good man. Local talent gets free play, and a gardener, carpenter, stud groom, or clerk in the agent's office may in time find himself in command of a department in one of the Queen's palaces, or set up a business on his own account in London with a certain 'connection.' Lastly, for the whole neighbourhood the presence of a man strong, practically and socially, in touch with affairs in London and also with country business, is a help and encouragement. If the owner has to make choice of two alternatives, and, as often happens, gives up his London house and chooses to spend his income on his country house, and to live there, rather than to economise between a flat in town and rooms in Paris and the Riviera, it is difficult to see who has any cause to grumble.

C. J. CORNISH.

MORRANT'S HALF-SOVEREIGN.¹

OF course, as Nubby Tomkins said truly, the rummest thing about the whole story of Morrant's half-sovereign was that he should have one. Morrant, in fact, never got any pocket-money in his life, owing to his father being a gentleman farmer. Not that he had nothing. On the contrary, his hampers were certainly the best that ever came to Dunston's, both for variety and size and fruit. The farming business, Morrant said, was all right from his point of view in the holidays, as the ferreting, both rats and rabbits, was good enough for anything, and three packs of hounds met within walking distance of his farm, one pack being harriers, which Morrant, by knowing the country well, could run with to a certain extent while they hunted. But Morrant's father was so worried about chemical manures and other farming things, including the price of wheat, that he didn't see his way to giving Morrant any pocket-money. He explained to Morrant once that he was putting every halfpenny he could spare into Morrant's education, so as to save him from having to become a gentleman farmer too when he grew up.

But Morrant didn't get a farthing in a general way; so when there arrived a hamper with an envelope in it, and in the envelope a bit of paper, and in the paper a half-sovereign, Morrant was naturally extremely surprised and also pleased. It came from his godfather, who had never taken any notice of Morrant for thirteen years, though he was a clergyman. But the previous term Morrant had got a prize for Scripture history, and when that came to his godfather's ears, through Morrant's mother mentioning it in a letter, he wrote and said it was good news, and very unexpected. So he sent the money; and really Morrant was quite bewildered with it, being so utterly unaccustomed to tin even in the meanest shape.

He had a friend by the name of West, who was much more religious than Morrant himself, though he didn't know so much Scripture history; and as a first go-off he asked West what he ought to do with the money. And West said that before everything Morrant ought to give a tithe to charity. But when it was

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explained to Morrant that this meant chucking away a shilling on the poor he didn't take to the idea an atom. He said his father had set him against giving tithes, not believing in them very much.

So Morrant went to Samuelson, who knew much more about money than West, and he said on no account to give a penny away in charity, because Morrant wasn't up in the subject and might do more harm than good. He also said that in the case of a chap who had never had a half-sovereign in his life before, it was a great question whether he could be expected to give away any ; and Morrant said there was no question about it at all, because he wasn't going to. And it made even a difference in his feeling towards West, for, as he very truly said, a chap who advised him like West had couldn't be much of a friend.

Having decided to keep it, the point was what to do with it. The novelty of the thing staggered him, and, knowing he would probably never have another half-sovereign till he grew up, Morrant felt the awful importance of spending it right, as an affair once bought could never be replaced if lost. And, as Baker said, 'If you get used to a thing, like a watch-chain or a tie-ring, and then lose it, the feeling you get is much worse than if you had never had it at all.'

I thought about it too for Morrant, as he once sent me a brace of rabbits by post, shot by himself in the holidays. I pointed out to him that half a sovereign was a most difficult sum really, being, as it were, not small and not exactly large, and yet too much to make light of, especially in Morrant's case. If he had got a sovereign, for instance, he might have bought a silver watch-chain to take the place of one which he had. It was made of the hair of his grandmother when she was young, and Morrant didn't much like it. But ten bob wouldn't buy a silver chain worth having. Morrant had an idea about braces, and of course he might have bought such braces for the money as would have been seldom seen and very remarkable ; but braces seemed a poor thing to put good money into, and I dissuaded him.

There came a change in Morrant after he had had the half-sovereign for four days and not thought of anything to buy. He began to worry, because time was going on and nothing being done. Fellows gave him many ideas, some of which he took for an hour or two, but always abandoned after a while. Murray told him of a wonderful box of new conjuring tricks which was to be had, and he nearly bought it, but luckily remembered just in

time that the new tricks would get old after a while; and some might be guessed and would become useless. Then Parkinson had a fine paint-box, and knew where Morrant could get another with only three paints less for ten shillings. And Morrant as near as a toucher bought that, but happened to remember he couldn't paint, and didn't care in the least about trying to. Corkey minimus said he would run the risk and sell Corkey minor's bat to Morrant for ten bob, the bat having cost twelve. The bat was spliced and Corkey minor was in Australia, having luckily for him sailed to sea just before an exam., owing to a weak lung. If Morrant had played cricket he would certainly have bought the bat; but there again, even though Samuelson told him he might easily get ten-and-six or eleven shillings for the bat next term, he hesitated, and finally Samuelson bought the bat himself, as an investment, he said.

Well, there was Morrant stuck with his tin. He wouldn't even change it, because Samuelson warned him against that and told him his father knew men who had made large fortunes simply by not changing gold when they had it. Samuelson said there was nothing like never changing gold, so Morrant didn't, only of course there was no good in keeping the money specially stitched into a private and unknown part of his trousers, as he did, for safety.

That half-sovereign acted like a regular cloud on Morrant's mind; and then came an extraordinary day when it acted more like a cloud than ever, owing to its disappearing.

Morrant had sewn it, with a needle and thread borrowed from the housekeeper, into a spot at the bottom of his left trouser pocket, and from this spot it mysteriously vanished in the space of two hours and a half. He had changed in the dormitory for 'footer' and left his trousers on his bed at 3 o'clock, returning to them at 4.45. Then, naturally feeling for his half-sovereign, he missed it altogether, and when he examined the spot, he found his money had been cut out of the bottom of the pocket with a knife.

Very wisely Morrant, seeing what a tremendous thing had happened, did not make a lot of row, but just told about ten chaps and no more. I was one. I said :

'The first question is, who knew your secret hiding-place?' and Butler said it was a very good question and showed sense in me. Butler is, of course, high in the sixth.

Morrant, on thinking it over, decided that three chaps, or four at the outside, knew his hiding-place. They were West, Samuelson, Fowle, and, Morrant thought, Phipps. So first Butler, who very kindly undertook the affair for Morrant, had Phipps brought up. Phipps stammers even when most calm and collected, and being sent for by Butler caused him so much excitement that Butler made him write down the answers to his questions, and even then Phipps lost his nerve so that he spelled 'yes' with two s's. But he solemnly put down and signed that Morrant had never told him where he kept his half-sovereign; and after he had gone Morrant said that now he came to think about it, he felt sure Phipps was right. Which reduced the matter to West, Samuelson, and Fowle; and the first two were set aside by Morrant because West was, of course, his personal friend, despite the passing coldness about West's advice, and Samuelson, though very keen about money and a great judge of it, was known to be absolutely straight, and had never so much as choused a kid out of a marble.

Butler said :

'That leaves Fowle; and if you told Fowle you were a little fool.'

And Morrant said :

'We were both Roman Catholics by religion, and that makes a great tie, and though many chaps hate Fowle pretty frightfully I've never known him try to score off me, except once, when he failed and apologised.'

And Butler said :

'That's all right, I dare say; but he's a little sweep and a cur, and also a sneak of the deadliest dye. I don't say he's taken the money, because that's a libel, and he might, I believe, go to law against me; but I do say that only one out of three people could have taken it, and we know two didn't, therefore Q.E.D. the other must have.'

Morrant didn't follow this very clever reasoning on the part of Butler. He only thought that Fowle, being a Roman Catholic, would never rob another; and Butler said he would, because it wasn't like Freemasons, who wouldn't score off one another for the world. Butler said :

'Religion's quite different. One Buddhist is often known to have done another Buddhist in the eye, so why shouldn't one Roman do another? Especially seeing that Fowle is the chap. I

tell you candidly that, in my opinion, after a good deal of experience of fellows in general, I take Fowle to be the most likely chap in Merivale to have done it ; and knowing him to have had the secret of the private pocket reduces it to a certainty to my mind. Tax him with it suddenly in the night, and you'll see.'

Morrant slept in the same dormitory with Fowle, and that night the whole room was woke up at some very late hour by the sound of Morrant taxing Fowle. Fowle took a long time to realise what was being said, and when he was awake enough to understand what Morrant was getting at, he showed tremendous indignation, and asked what he had ever done that such a charge should be brought against him, especially at such a time. He reminded Morrant that they were of the same way of thinking in holy affairs, and said he was extremely sick with Morrant, and thought Morrant's religion must be pretty rocky if it allowed him to wake a chap up in the middle of the night and charge him with such a crime. In fact, Fowle went on so that Morrant finally apologised rather humbly.

From that day forward began the extraordinary disappearance of coin in general at Dunston's. Shillings constantly went, and also half-crowns. Samuelson got very excited about it, and said watches must be kept and traps set. There was evidently a big robbery going on, and Samuelson said if the chaps weren't smart enough to catch the thief they deserved to lose their tin. But, despite tremendous precautions, money kept going in small sums. West was set to watch in the pavilion, I remember, during a football match, and Morrant himself, and even Butler once or twice, also watched. Some chaps thought it was the ground-man ; but as money also disappeared at school, that showed it couldn't be him. And then there was a theory that it might be a charwoman who came from Merivale twice a week. I believe she was a very good charwoman of her kind, and West, who is great about helping the poor and so on, told me she was a very deserving woman with a husband at home who drank, and children too numerous to mention. Which Samuelson remembered when the money began to go, and it turned his suspicion towards her, because, as he said, with the state of her home affairs money must be a great temptation. So a watch was set on her and a curious thing happened.

Being small I can get into a boot cupboard very easily, and I can also breathe anywhere through a hole bored with a gimlet.

This was done to the door of the boot cupboard, and two other rather larger holes were also made for my eyes. Mrs. Gouger, which was the charwoman's name, had to do a lot of work in this room—a large one leading out of the gym. And there, on a certain half-holiday, I was watching her.

She worked jolly hard as far as I could say, and made a good deal of dust, and a curious noise through her teeth when she scrubbed ; but there was nothing suspicious, if you understand me. She didn't touch a coat or anything, though many were hanging against a wall ; and the few caps about she merely picked up and hung on the pegs.

Then, just before she finished, who should come in but West, and, to my great astonishment, Mrs. Gouger curtseyed to him as though he had been the housekeeper or the Doctor. West treated her with great loftiness, and evidently knew all about her private affairs. He said :

'And how is the child that's got mumps ?' and she said it was better. He then gave her some advice about her husband which I didn't hear, and she blessed him for all his goodness to her, and said God had sent him to a lone, struggling woman, and that he would reap a thousandfold what he had sown. All of which, coming from Mrs. Gouger to West, seemed very curious to me. Presently he said :

'Well, I cannot stop longer. I'm glad the child is better. Keep on at your husband about the pledge ; and here's a shilling.'

Then Mrs. Gouger put the shilling in her pocket and blessed him again. And West went.

That very day young Forrest lost a shilling out of his desk, which doesn't lock owing to Forrest having taken the lock off to sell to Meadowes last term. I told Butler and Samuelson what I had seen, and Butler thought it rum, and Samuelson said there was more in it than met the eye. Butler said :

'Evidently the kid (West is a kid from Butler's point of view) has given the charwoman tin before, or else she wouldn't have blessed him. Now the question is, how much pocket-money does West get ?'

And I said, 'A shilling a week.'

'When does he get it ?'

'Mondays.'

Butler said 'Ah !' but nothing seemed to strike him, and Samuelson thought that Mrs. Gouger ought to be spoken to.

This Samuelson undertook to do ; and the next week he did. What happened was that Mrs. Gouger said all that she had before said to West about her husband and children, but added that a young gentleman with a most Christian heart had lately interested himself in her misfortunes. Samuelson asked if it was a Dunston chap, and Mrs. Gouger answered that she was not at liberty to say. She seemed rather defiant about it, Samuelson thought, and in fact when he pressed her for the amount the chap gave her, she told Samuelson to mind his own business. A watch was still kept, especially on West ; and once Butler did an awfully cunning thing by setting West to watch and setting another chap to watch West, if you follow what I mean. The other chap was Butler himself, and the room was a dormitory. But it came out rather awkwardly for Butler, because he sneezed at the very start, and West got out from under the bed where he had arranged to watch, and found Butler watching behind a coat against the wall. Then they had a row, because West evidently thought Butler was there to watch him ; which he was.

The end of the affair came out rather tame in its way, and only shows what awfully peculiar ideas some chaps have. Samuelson finally spoke to Slade, the head of the school, and though Slade doesn't like Samuelson, owing to his way of making money by auctions, yet it was such a serious affair that he listened all through and promised to go to the Doctor. Samuelson had actually kept an account of all the money stolen, and it amounted now to the tremendous sum of four pounds five shillings and sixpence, including Morrant's half-sovereign.

Then, after Dr. Dunston knew, we heard one day from Fowle that he had sent for Mrs. Gouger to his study, and that she had been there fully half-an-hour and come out crying. Fowle had listened as best he could till the Doctor's butler had come by and told him to hook it ; but he had heard nothing except one remark in the voice of Mrs. Gouger, and that remark was 'Four pound five and sixpence, sir, and a godsend if ever money was.'

Samuelson said her mentioning of the exact sum was a very ominous thing for West. And what was more ominous still happened that evening, for West wasn't at prep. or prayers.

There were a number of ideas about as to what it all meant, and Corkey minimus, who always tries to get among chaps bigger than himself and say clever things, came out with a theory that Mrs. Gouger was West's mother, and that West was therefore

stealing and making the money over to her. But Butler merely smacked his head when he heard it, and told Corkey minimus not to be a little ass.

Samuelson was the only chap who hadn't any idea. He knew West's great notions about helping the poor and giving tithes to parsons, and so on, but he said for a chap to steal money and hand it over to a charwoman in charity was contrary to human nature. All the same, if a thing actually happens, it can't be contrary to human nature. Anyway, after prayers next morning the Doctor stopped the school in chapel and explained everything. He said :

' My boys, while it is true that you come to Merivale to be instructed by me and those who labour here amongst you on my behalf, it is also true that I learn occasionally from those whom I teach. Indeed, new problems are almost as often set by you for my solution as by me for yours, and seldom has a more intricate difficulty confronted me than that which yesterday challenged my attention. There has recently happened amongst us a mysterious disappearance of coins of the realm. Now a shilling, a six-pence, a penny piece, if deposited in one spot, will remain there until removed by human agency. And the human agent who removes money which belongs to another without that other's sanction is a thief. Boys, briefly there has been a thief amongst you—a thief whose moral obliquity has taken such an extraordinary turn, whose views of rectitude have become so distorted, that even my own experience of schoolboy ethics cannot parallel his performance. This lad has looked around him upon the world and found in it, as we all must find, a vast amount of suffering and privation, of honest toil and of humble heroism displayed by the lowest amongst us. He has also observed that Providence is pleased to make wide distinctions between the rich and the poor ; he has noted that where one labours for daily bread, another reaps golden harvests without the trouble of putting in the sickle. This extraordinary boy contrasted the position of one of these humble workers with that of those amongst whom his own lot was thrown here, and he found that whereas the obscure but necessary and excellent person, Mrs. Gouger, she whose duty it is to cleanse, scour, and otherwise purify the disorder produced by our assemblies—he found, I say, that whereas Mrs. Gouger worked extremely hard for sums not considerable, though handsome in connection with the nature of her labours, others of the human

family—yourselves, were in receipt of weekly allowances of varying amounts for which you toiled not, neither did you spin.

' This unhappy lad allowed his mind to brood on the apparent injustice of such an arrangement, and instead of coming to his head master for explanation of this and other problems which arose to puzzle his immature intelligence, permitted himself the immoral, the scandalous, the disgraceful and horribly mistaken course of righting the balance from his point of view. This could only be effected by defiance of those divine laws which govern all properly constituted bodies of human society. West—I need not conceal his name longer—West broke one commandment in order to obey another. His fatuous argument, as it was elaborated yesterday to me, stands based on error; his crime was the result of the most complicated ignorance and vicious sophism it has ever been my lot to discover in a boy of twelve. He did evil that good might come; ascertaining from the inspired Word that "charity covereth a multitude of sins," he imagined it must extend to cover that forbidden by the Eighth Commandment. This commandment he broke no less than fourteen times. Why? That the domestic affairs of Mrs. Gouger might be ameliorated. He took the pocket-money of his colleagues, and with it modified those straits into which poverty and conjugal difficulties have long cast Mrs. Gouger. It was West's unhappy, and I may say unparalleled, design to go on stealing money here until the sum of five pounds had been raised and conveyed to Mrs. Gouger. Of this total, with deplorable ingenuity, he had already subtracted from various pockets the sum of four pounds five shillings and sixpence; it was his intention to continue these depredations until the entire sum had been collected. But the end has come. The facts have been placed before me, and I confess to you that perhaps never have I been confronted with a problem more peculiar. After a lengthy conversation with those who support me here, and after placing the proposition before a higher tribunal than any which earth has to offer, I have come to a curious decision. I have determined to leave the fate of the boy West in your hands. This time to-morrow I shall expect Slade, as representing the school, to inform me of your decision, and to-day, contrary to custom, will be a half-holiday, that the school may debate the question and conclude upon it. I would point out that there is no middle course here, in my opinion. Either West must be forgiven after a public apology to the establishment he has out-

raged, or he must be expelled. As for the money, if those who have lost it will apply to me between one and two o'clock to-day, each shall have his share again.'

Well, you may guess what a jaw there was that afternoon; and finally, after hours of talk, Slade decided the point must be arranged by putting papers into a hat. If you drew a cross on the paper it meant that you wanted West to be expelled; and if you drew a naught, that meant he was to be let off. You were not bound to say how you voted, and the excitement when the votes were counted was something frightful. West little knew what was going on.

At last the numbers were read out:

For expulsion	124
Against expulsion	101

And Slade was mad when he read them, and said that Merivale was disgraced. But Samuelson said not, and thought it wasn't a case for anything but justice. The Doctor made no remark when he heard what had happened, but I heard him tell Browne a day afterwards that the lower school ought not to have been allowed to vote, as small boys would merely have understood that West had stolen money and nothing else. Their minds, the Doctor said, were not big enough to take in the peculiar nature of the case. But Browne said he believed the school was right, and the Doctor sighed and said it might be so.

Anyway, West went. We never saw him again, and the only cheerful thing about the end of it was that Steggles was badly scored off. You see he nipped off to the Doctor among the rest, and said West had stolen ten shillings from him too. But it happened that West had kept the most careful account of all the money he had raised for Mrs. Gouger. And he had never taken a farthing from Steggles. So Steggles was flogged, which shows that things which are frightfully sad in themselves often produce good results in a roundabout sort of manner.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

AN OLD GREEK ROMANCE.

'WHEN I was coming home through Brindisi,' wrote Aulus Gellius, 'I took a walk round the celebrated harbour, and at one corner I found a great parcel of manuscripts exposed for sale at a book-stall. I rushed to turn them over, and found that they were all Greek novels or fanciful books of travel, without a word of truth in the whole stack, though taken, no doubt, from the highest classical authorities.' The volumes were all squalid, and coated with blue mould, as if far gone in decay. He asked the price, and found that they were wonderfully cheap; so he bought a bundle for a song, and spent the next two days in making notes on those that seemed to be unknown to the writers at home. There was a poem on the Arctic regions which gave a wonderful picture of the griffins, with their blue necks and pink leathery wings. There was a volume on the rarities of India which seemed to have been borrowed from the frescoes at Persepolis; but the writer professed to have some personal knowledge of the Feathered Folk and Mono-pods, and men with eyes in their breasts:

'Pigmies and Polyphemus, by many a name,
Centaurs and Satyrs, and such shapes as haunt
Wet clefts: and lumps neither alive nor dead,
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed.'

One book was devoted to the Iberians of the Caucasus. It was reported that there were people near Tiflis with pale watery eyes far more useful by night than by day; and much the same thing was said of the night-hunters who followed the Will-o'-th'-wisp in the Hercynian Forest. We have read in the 'Diary of an Arabian Princess' that the Circassian girls are called 'cats' by the ladies of Zanzibar, because their blue eyes can only be good for mousing about in the dark. The same story was told at one time of the Western Iberians on the Ebro; and in the romance of Thule, which it is proposed to discuss, we find that the king and his nobles were all blind as buzzards by day and sharp-sighted as owls in the dark.

Our first extract came from a writer of the Augustan period; the next belongs to the reign of Marcus Aurelius, when people were wiser, and philosophers had become kings, in the Golden Age of the world. Lucian's 'True Traveller's Tale' was an elaborate

satire on the ‘old fond paradoxes’ which pleased a more artless generation. This satire, according to the ancient critics, was more especially pointed against the romance already mentioned, which one Antonius Diogenes had written long before, entitling it ‘The Wonders beyond Thule,’ and dealing with marvellous adventures in all parts of the earth.

Lucian said of his own book that he felt sure of giving pleasure to his readers, because he had lied with such an air of truth. ‘I am writing,’ says he, ‘about things I never saw, and such as never were and never could be.’ He complained of the stale Indian marvels, and of the picturesque voyage to Ceylon and the Islands four months to the eastward. He even ventured to cast a stone at the Father of Poetry himself. ‘The fashion,’ he complains, ‘was set by Homer’s Ulysses, with his stories about the one-eyed giant, and sailors turned into beasts, and a thousand other fancies of that kind.’

The writer of the older romance had relied on a similar argument. He declared that every single incident in his story could be supported by some respectable authority. He might have posed as an old-fashioned comedian, a pupil in the school of Aristophanes; but he had always hankered after the truth, and had preferred to mark each item with the name of a responsible witness. It may, perhaps, be worth noticing that one of these authorities was Antiphanes, celebrated from a remote antiquity as the ‘Liar of Berga,’ and the original inventor of the Munchausen story about the frozen words that thawed in the sunshine.

Parts of the romance were preserved in the serious biographies of Pythagoras, as well as in the travesties of the Italian philosophy to be found in Lucian’s dialogues. But we should know very little about the adventures in Thule, or even about the main scope of the work, if it were not for the epitome preserved in the volume known as the ‘Library’ of the Patriarch Photius. This great man was the leader of a Byzantine Renaissance, which saved literature from the absolute destruction that threatened it in the ninth century. Photius, while still a layman, established a society for the preservation and discussion of ancient books; and when he was sent on an embassy to the Khalif of Bagdad, he wrote to his brother, who had been absent on business, a full account of the doings of the society. ‘I supposed,’ he says, ‘that you wanted something to console you for our separation, as well as to make acquaintance with about three hundred fresh works; so I engaged

a secretary to put down what I could remember, too slowly perhaps for your ardent desires, but quicker than most people would expect.' The collection when complete contained an admirable epitome of the romance of Thule, as well as of several later novels in which its principal incidents were imitated. In the novel of 'Babylon,' for example, two lovers creep into a sepulchre and try to kill themselves with a drug which only acts as a narcotic. In the 'Ephesian Novel' the heroine drank what she believed to be a poison; but as she had only swallowed a sleeping-draught she soon awoke in her tomb. This incident was used by Luigi da Porto in the ancient version of 'Romeo and Juliet.' Mr. Douce pointed out how incidents of this kind, taken from a version which Politian praised as a model of style, might have been the origin of the trances of Juliet and Imogen. The tragic death of Romeo might be compared in the same way with the 'Ethiopian History' of Heliodorus. A lover finds his affianced bride lying dead, as he thinks, in a robbers' cave, and offers himself as a voluntary sacrifice. 'O Chariclea, if where you are you can feel comfort, be comforted. Your lover is faithful, and we soon shall meet again, for I slay myself as an offering to your Manes, and pour out my blood as the libation!' In the romance of Thule we find a very similar incident, where the Prince stabs himself upon seeing his true love lying in a deadly swoon at his feet.

Heliodorus was believed to have borrowed some of his best scenes from the older novelist. Chariclea, it is true, met her parents in a palace near Khartoum, while the fair Phoenician found a rest from her labours in the Land of the Midnight Sun; but in either case we see a young girl passing serenely through all kinds of danger towards that moment of happiness in which every romance should end. On the point of elegance, according to the ancient critics, the two writers were exactly on a par. Antonius Diogenes, the author of the older romance, was a master of dramatic composition, his style was clear, and his language simple and distinct; and there was a pleasant tone about his numerous digressions which persuaded the reader to take an interest in the most improbable stories. Heliodorus was equally graceful in style, and perhaps superior in dignity. His language was always in harmony with his subject: and if he was somewhat too fond of a miniature, it must be owned that his figures were always crisp and distinct.

Two pictures, by some attributed to Giulio Romano, or even

to a greater name, show the first meeting of Chariclea and her lover, and their subsequent capture by pirates off the coast of Crete. She was a priestess of Artemis at Delphi when Theagenes came on a pilgrimage to do honour to the son of Achilles. The rites began with a procession of dancing-girls, some carrying baskets of fruit and flowers, and others singing the praises of the hero in whose name they had met. Fifty knights followed on chargers in golden trappings; and then Theagenes rode by in a purple dress, embroidered with the Battle of the Centaurs. At that moment Chariclea came through the gate in a chariot drawn by milk-white oxen; her hair was not quite tied up, nor yet dishevelled, the golden tresses being kept in place by a wreath of laurel. She held a lighted torch in her hand, and stood waiting for the beginning of the sacrifice. The victims were laid on the altars, and the Priest of Apollo was bidden to pour the wine. 'It is my task,' he said, 'to make the first libation; but the torch must be taken by the Pilgrim from the hand of the Priestess, according to our ancient custom.' They looked at each other for a moment, and then she held out the torch; and they blushed as their eyes met, and turned pale again 'when the passion reached the heart.'

The second picture showed the capture at sea in the glare of a stormy sunset. While the passengers were being forced into the boats the pirate seized Chariclea by the wrist and gave her words of rough comfort: 'I have been following ever since you left Zante, and I mean you now to stay with me and to share in all my wealth.' The girl called up the semblance of a smile and thanked Heaven for the kindness of his thought. 'The first thing,' she said, 'is to save my father and brother from the boats, for I could never agree to live without them'; and with this she threw herself on the deck, and clasped the robber's knees in her prayer. As things turned out, she was afterwards captured by brigands from an island near the mouth of the Nile. Thyamis, the chief buccaneer, had contrived an underground den, into which Chariclea was thrust in company with a young slave-girl. On the village being attacked by soldiers, Thyamis ran off to murder his intended bride, but in the hurry and confusion he stabbed the slave-girl instead. Shakespeare puts the episode into a few words, when he speaks of 'the Egyptian thief at point of death, killing the thing he loved.'

The story of 'Leucippe' is of a somewhat later date. Its

author, Achilles Tatius, missed somewhat of the dignity of his predecessor; but his well-balanced periods were praised for their elegance and for a certain ringing note 'which charmed the ear by its resonance.' We shall cite one or two short passages from the '*Leucippe*', but only so far as they explain or illustrate the opening scenes of the '*Wonders beyond Thule*'.' We have a fine account of a procession to the Temple of the Tyrian Hercules. Leucippe and her mother came out into the great avenue to see the show. The victims passed by herds and flocks—the best were the white oxen of Egypt, with horns curved into the shape of the harvest moon. The street was lined with banks of roses and groves of myrtle, and over them all rolled the smoke from the golden censers, filled with saffron and cassia-bark and fragrant gums from Arabia. In the garden where Leucippe fed her parrot, and watched the peacock displaying his train, a cool colonnade ran along the side-walls, enclosing green lawns and a fountain with a marble tank. At one end was a grove of ivied pines and plane trees enwreathed with convolvulus, and there were beds of cyclamen and narcissus, pale roses tipped with red, and pansies with a touch of gold 'like the sea sparkling in a calm.'

Antonius did not confine his work to the evolution of a drama of affection. The book was so full of folk-tales and stories of magic that it became the fountain or head-spring of a whole literature of '*Transformations*'.' It was certainly the model from which Lucian designed his story of the Ass, better known as the '*Golden Ass*' in the later version of Apuleius. Several other writers treated the subject in a dull spirit, as a branch of natural history, explaining how men became were-wolves, or witches went about like weasels or blue-bottle flies. St. Augustine tried to explain the matter by reference to nerve-disease and hypochondria. He knew of a man turned into a cart-horse by an innkeeper, and sent down to Ostia to work at the docks; the man, at least, had dreamed it most distinctly, and when he woke, pale and haggard, he learned that a strange horse had actually been seen at the works. 'I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was; man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.' Lucian took a story of this kind from the romance, and mixed it up with the Thessalian legends about the hags who ran about in the shape of hares or flew in the air like owls. In his time people believed in the magic of plants. An ointment of herbs turned the witch into a bird, and a little dill-water would

restore her human form ; a certain juice would turn a man into a horse or ass, but he could shake off the charm by browsing on a handful of rose-leaves. Poor Lucius, the hero of the story, had gone to Thessaly in hopes of seeing a man fly, or somebody turned into stone ‘or some other miracle of that kind.’ He saw his hostess fly out of the window in the shape of a screech-owl, and begged the maid to hand him some of the ointment. Unfortunately, however, she gave him the wrong stuff; his ears sprouted, and his face grew hairy, and in a few seconds he was metamorphosed into a fine young ass. That night the house was robbed, and the transformed Lucius was loaded with plunder and driven to the brigands’ cave. Here he was left in company with an old nurse and a girl stolen from her friends, who wept and tore her hair; but as soon as she saw the chance she jumped upon the friendly beast, and galloped away from the cave; ‘and if,’ she said, ‘my lovely creature, you can only carry me home, you shall be free for the rest of your life, and shall have as much barley every day as you can eat for your dinner.’ It is pleasant to learn that the young lady arrived safely at home, and that the transformed Lucius got his barley by the bushel and hay enough to satisfy a camel.

There have been some differences of opinion as to the date of the ‘Wonders beyond Thule.’ Photius thought it probable that it was written not long after the conquests of Alexander the Great. There is authority for the more usual opinion that it was composed by a Syrian writer about the time of Antiochus Epiphanes. On the whole, however, it seems proper to bring this date forward into the first century B.C., on account of the minute descriptions of Spain, which look like extracts from the Travels of Posidonius. If this be so, the writer may have been a Neapolitan, though this is only matter of conjecture. He was, at any rate, quite familiar with the Tomb of the Siren Parthenope, the Lake Avernus, and the caves and grottoes in the rocks. His own name favours the hypothesis. We know that Naples contained a mixed population, the roll of magistrates showing that many of the officials bore purely Greek names, although they were Roman citizens. The novelist may have been called Antonius after the elder Mark Antony; his other name, Diogenes, must indicate a claim to Greek descent; and this also applies to the name of his sister Isidora, which signifies ‘the gift of Isis.’

The author begins with a short letter to his brother-in-law Faustinus. They seem to have been devoted to Isidora, and ready

to take any trouble in helping her forward in her studies. It appears by the letter that she was not only fond of romantic stories, but had paid great attention to literature, and more especially to the history of the stage. The book had been written as a specimen of comedy in prose, resembling one of the old Athenian plays, cast into a narrative form. The preliminary chapters were addressed to Isidora herself. By an artifice—new at that time, and still not quite disused—the reader was carried back into antiquity to learn by what strange accidents the story had been preserved. The scene of the romance opens on the seashore at Tyre, when Alexander the Great had just taken by storm the wonderful island city, ‘the Destroyed in the midst of the Sea.’ The island seemed to be a glowing heap of ashes, and the smoke rolled up in clouds from the roofless halls and temples. The old city by the stream of the Leontes had been ransacked and almost destroyed to get materials for making a causeway to the island. A camp occupied the approaches to the new pier, and beyond it were huts and booths, and slave-pens, and a long line of gibbets. At the entrance of a large tent just outside the camp sat Balacrus, one of the youngest of the Greek generals, and already one of the most distinguished. He was writing a journal, if we believe the romance, for his wife Phila, who afterwards became Queen of Macedonia. No such marriage, however, is mentioned by other writers, and it may be that the novelist was anxious to connect these distinguished names with his story, without feeling bound to be very accurate in his facts. Phila and her sisters were all celebrated for their beauty, and were praised as much for their genius and courage as for their blue eyes and golden hair. Phila herself was worshipped as an incarnation of Aphrodite in a temple called after her name. She was good-natured to all, and so wise that her father, the famous Antipater, always consulted her on questions of policy. As a queen, she devoted herself to making provision for the soldiers’ families; and it was said that before her generosity ‘all dissension ceased and all revolt gave way.’

This journal of Balacrus, if it were ever written, would have been preserved among the Macedonian archives ; in any case the novelist professed to have a full copy, from which he took copious extracts for the studious Isidora. These extracts began with the story of a strange discovery made in the old city by a gang engaged in searching for treasure. The king was at table with his two chief friends, discussing the red wine of Helbon, when a

soldier came in from the camp at the aqueduct, and asked to speak to Alexander in person. On being brought into the king's presence, the soldier said that he could show the company a wonderful sight near the Temple of Hercules, where he and his mates had found an underground house, full of carved chests of marble or jasper, as well as they could judge by looking through a crevice in the roof. The king started off at once, with his two courtiers and the soldier and Balacrus in command of a guard ; and on reaching the place and throwing the entrance open they found a sarcophagus and six more great marble chests inside. They seemed to be arranged in pairs, the husbands being all buried on the same side, with their wives opposite to them. On the sarcophagus in the doorway a few words were carved, 'Lucilla' in one line, and a little lower 'She lived thirty-five years.' Some of the other epitaphs were difficult to understand. Her husband's coffin, for instance, bore an inscription that 'Mantinias lived 42 years and 760 nights.' The parents of Mantinias were buried at the further end of the vault with epitaphs to the effect that Mnason lived 66 out of 72 years, and Aristion, his wife, 47 out of 52 years. At the other end of the chamber were the coffins of their daughter Dercyllis and her husband, the aged Dinias : and according to the inscriptions Dercyllis lived 39 years and 760 nights, and Dinias of Arcadia died at the age of a hundred and twenty-five years. On looking about them the visitors saw a recess near the burial-place of Dercyllis, and in it a small chest of cypress wood, and, taking it out, they found these words written upon the cover: 'Open the box, whoever you are, and learn what these things mean.'

The chest was tied up in the Tyrian fashion, with a tangle of cords and tassels, and when these were unwound and the cover raised they saw a package swathed up like the breast of a mummy in spicay and bituminous folds. Stripping away the linen, they came at last upon a set of triangular leaves of cypress wood, about thirty in number, joined together at one corner so as to form a kind of fan-shaped book. On the outside tablet the title 'Wonders beyond Thule' had been incised in an old Greek character, and all the other leaves were covered with a closely written narrative, divided into twenty-four books. The object of the work was to explain how Dinias, the veteran explorer, had traversed Asia from the Icy Sea to the Arabian promontories ; how he had passed 'the fiery portal of the east,' and had been led homewards by a marvellous course to the glimmering shores of Thule ; and how, when

he had thus reached the world's end, he found the beautiful Dercyllis, lying more dead than alive, like the sleeping Princess in the fairy tale, and how the spell was broken, and what strange things happened before Dinius met Dercyllis again, and walked with her in the cool garden under the shadow of the Temple of Hercules.

At the opening of the narrative we are shown Dinius, now happily married to his Princess, receiving an embassy from Greece in the hall of his Tyrian mansion. Dinius, as we have seen, was an Arcadian, and the Commonwealth of Arcadia had accordingly sent one of the chief persons of the State to invite the traveller to return to his native country. There is, of course, a slight anachronism in this mention of an Arcadian Commonwealth; but an error on such a point may be excused, if it adds to the dramatic effect.

The Lord Cymbas was accompanied by his secretary, a clever young Athenian, who is described as a literary expert and a trained artificer in words. His business was to draw up the report of all the proceedings, the proposals made on behalf of the State, and the polite refusal offered by Dinius on the ground of his age and infirmities. The secretary was next asked if he could weave the traveller's adventures into a narrative, which Cymbas might take home for presentation to the Council. On the secretary agreeing to do what he could, the Lady Dercyllis herself entered the hall, followed by servants carrying a number of cypress-wood tablets; and the proceedings up to that point were at once recorded, so as to form an introduction to what Dinius had promised to dictate. It was arranged that the whole work should be executed in duplicate, one copy being handed to the ambassador, and the other being kept by Dercyllis until the time came for depositing it in the family sepulchre.

Dinius, it appeared, had lived quietly in his own country until his first wife's death. Their son, Demochares, was just growing out of boyhood when his mother died, and was as eager for all kinds of adventure as Dinius was devoted to inquiry and research. Dinius, indeed, must remind us of Lucian's adventurer, who started out into the untracked Atlantic from a little seaport in Spain. 'I was one,' he wrote, 'who had a head full of wandering thoughts, and hopes of finding new lands, and most of all I wanted to discover across the ocean the seaboard opposite to the country which had been my home.' Dinius made first for the

Black Sea, following in the Argo's track, and reached a great mart under the Caucasus, where the Greeks went for the merchandise of India, carried along the old course of the Oxus.

There is a rift in the mountains where the river of Poti runs out, and dances in green waves on the sandy bar. The Greeks used to push up it in light barges till they reached a lake and a meadow where the fairs were held. The Eastern merchants on their return journey climbed the gorge by a road cut in the rock and crossing the stream by a hundred bridges; and at the neck of the pass they reached a plateau, with snow-ranges on each side and the Valley of Tiflis below. A smooth river led them down to the Caspian, and that delightful region where the corn, it was said, grew without tillage, and every stock in the vineyard yielded a cask of strong Hyrcanian wine. The River Oxus in our time straggles into Lake Aral through beds of sand and rushes. The ancients described the giant stream in a very different fashion. The river, they said, rolls from Bactriana in a full and resistless course till it reaches the precipice, and shoots from its top in a glittering arch. Strabo has a picture of the pleasant banquets by the sea, where the guests sat in the flowery lawns behind the transparent walls of water: and it is probable that Lucian had this scene in his mind when he described the gap between the Old World and the New, and a stream making a lustrous bridge, over which the ship was borne.

Dinias and his companions seem to have gone northwards after leaving the first factory on the Oxus. We are not to suppose that they embarked on the Caspian itself, since all the old writers agreed that its desolate waste of waters was always tormented with storms and haunted by dangerous monsters. It was sufficient to force a way upwards along the Eastern shore, to the nation of the Massagetae, who rode in golden armour, and the Bald Folk, and men with goat's feet, and the country where they sleep for six months on end. They arrived, at any rate, at the ice-mountains near the Northern Sea, 'where tempests howl continually.' We know little more of the Rhipean shepherds than Virgil has told us in the Georgics. When the snow lies thick they creep, like Troglodytes, to their long steaming caves, and here they pile the roaring fire and quaff their rustic beer or a sour imitation of wine. From these cold regions the travellers turned towards the Sunrise, and came upon a shallow sea; and here they saw the mouths of a huge yellow stream entangled in

a multitude of sand-banks and islands. They recognised it as the Asian Tanais, not to be confounded with the river of the same name that flows into the Sea of Azof. The Asian stream, like his comrade the Oxus, comes from a 'mountain cradle' far away in the East : beaten, and often baffled, he struggles through the desert, till at last

'His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose flow the new-bathed stars
Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea.'

The explorers were described as forcing their way, like the Argonauts, to the shore of the Northern Ocean ; but here any further advance was stopped by the barriers of ice and the piercing cold. We hear no more of their movements until they appear in Carmania, on the north side of the Persian Gulf, where Dinius was joined by several friends, anxious to take part in an expedition to the Islands of Gold and Silver and the Land of the Rising Sun. Two of these new companions were especially noted for their knowledge of the occult : Carmanes had been trained in the Chaldaean magic, and Azulis, in the Abyssinian factory at Zulle, had become quite familiar with the methods of the Egyptian magic. For hundreds of miles their ship coasted along the weed-piled beaches of the fisher-tribes before they arrived at the sandy shallows of the Indus. These 'fish-eaters' were as shaggy as bears, with nails like eagles' talons, and they seemed far wilder than the seals that helped them to drive in their prey. Some of the huts were built of the ribs and jaw-bones of stranded whales. The old geographers were fond of describing the monsters that infested these seas ; there were whales, they said, as tall as cliffs, with sharp spines in a row like trees, and they can break a ship with a bite, or swallow it with all aboard. It is evident from Lucian's burlesque that some catastrophe of this kind was supposed to have befallen our travellers. They may have escaped, like the crew in the 'True Tale,' when their life in the monster became intolerable from weariness : they set fire to the woods inside and, when the beast was dead, dragged the ship up his throat, 'and let it down gently into the sea.' It would be quite impossible to follow Dinius through the windings of his circuitous course ; but we can trace his route to Ceylon, and across the Bay, until he reached the fair region of Chryse and stood opposite to the portals of the Sunrise. Here, at the world's end, they began a fresh undertaking, exploring all the currents of the

Ocean and penetrating the recesses of the Outer Sea. At last they accomplished what had seemed to be an impossible voyage, making their way from the furthest East to the furthest North, along coasts and through archipelagoes that seemed to belong to another world, until they came to Thule :

'Now hoisting sail and labouring with the oar
They passed along the amber-bearing shore,
A low coast backed by pine-woods.'

The name of Thule has been given to many different regions since Norway was first discovered by a Greek traveller in the age of Alexander the Great; but it is clear that the Thule of our romance represented those parts of Scandinavia which lie within the Arctic Circle. The report dictated by Dinius was full of astronomical details which would naturally have appeared strange to a Levantine audience. He spoke of the midnight sun, and of the long winter night with the Bear and the Pole-star overhead; and he conjectured that in the further North the day and night might each last for six months, and that at the Pole itself there might be no night at all. According to the story told by Procopius the men of Thule lost the sun for forty days at the winter solstice, and mourned until the messengers on the mountain-tops caught the first glimpse of the returning light.

It was in the Arctic summer that Dinius first saw Dercyllis, lying entranced in her palace as long as the sun lit up the sky. There is an Eastern name for the moon, as the Lady 'Live-by-night and Die-by-day'; and this, perhaps, will serve to describe the state to which Dercyllis had been reduced by the hypnotism or magic of a vile Egyptian refugee. This man had originally been an hereditary Priest of Apis: and this had given him the title of 'Pa-apis,' by which he was commonly known. When his country was conquered he took refuge with friends in Tyre, and was adopted by Mnason, the father of Dercyllis, as a member of the family. He seems to have acted as tutor to the children until Dercyllis grew up: and then the ex-priest was seized with a passion, at once most tragical and ridiculous. He was aware, through all his frenzy, that the hand of a beautiful heiress would never be bestowed on one of the humblest of her dependents; but his Egyptian experience led him to fix his hopes on criminal methods, and in lieu of persuasion to try the effect of a poison, a charm, or a love-philtre. But the worst mischief that he actually worked upon Dercyllis was to cast her into the nerve-struck

mesmeric trance, in which she could never see the sun ; and then, by a horrible accident, he had died in the island, like Sycorax, without raising the lifelong burden of the spell. Beside her, while dreaming or waking, lay the Adept's leather wallet, with his magical book and a few handfuls of dried herbs. No one in Thule had been able to make use of the book or to guess at the nature of the disease ; but Azulis, who had studied science in Egypt, was able to read the hieroglyphics and to apply the appropriate remedy.

Dercyllis told the whole story as soon as her health was restored. The old merchant and his wife had been drugged and half killed, and remained in a state of prostration on finding that their children had disappeared. This she had heard indirectly about the time of her starting for Thule. She herself and her young brother had been enticed on board a strange ship ; but when they arrived at Rhodes it became clear that some protecting influences were at work, and they successfully claimed their freedom at the Shrine of Apollo. They were advised to go on as far as Crete, where the best ships would be found for the homeward voyage ; and all went well until they were sailing between Crete and Africa, when they were captured by pirates, by whom they were carried away to an Etrurian seaport. A turn of fortune had condemned them to the noisome hold and the filth of the slave-pen after the sloping glens of Ida and the rhododendrons massed in thickets round the Temple of the Sun. The young people had never before been separated, and Dercyllis was heart-broken when her brother was torn from her clasping arms. The boy was pressed as a sailor, and sent out on an exploring cruise. The Tuscans, being masters at sea, were anxious to found a colony in an island 'many days west of Lybia' ; and when the boy returned he had much to say about the Gorgon Islands and their apish inhabitants, the strange men and plants, and the changes in the heavenly bodies when the ship passed under the Line.

Dercyllis was not permitted to make any long stay in Etruria. Soon after her brother's departure we find her at the Cimmerian Oracle established near Avernus. We must remember that the lake itself, then shaded by forests and darkened by clouds of steam, has been completely changed in aspect by outbreaks of volcanic fire. At the time of which we are speaking, the place was thought to be an entrance to the Under-world, near that city of the Cimmerians 'shrouded in mist and cloud,' where Ulysses and

Father Æneas had held converse with their dead companions. In the Cave of the Dead, cut far down in the rock, the pale Cimmerian priests still guarded their 'blood-drinking pit.' Dercyllis was allowed to go down into the cave, and to learn the secrets of futurity from the wandering spirit of an old servant who had died many years before. A few words with the Sibyl or one of the attendant priests was enough to suggest the information that it was proper to bestow. The optical illusions and stock properties would naturally be always the same. In every descent there would be some glimpse of the ferryman's boat, of Proserpine's silver throne, and the palace in a lake of fire. A passage in Lucian's Dialogues describes a visit to one of these Oracles of the Dead. 'We dug the pit, and killed our sheep, and sprinkled the blood around : and the magician, holding up his torch, and roaring at the top of his voice, called on the Demons and the Furies and Nocturnal Hecate : and immediately the whole place shook and the earth was rent, and the howling of Cerberus was heard from afar.'

One day, while Dercyllis was standing near the Temple-gate, an old man in the Pythagorean dress asked if he might say a few words. He explained that his Order took a great interest in her case, and had arranged with all parties concerned that she should be saved from a threatened pursuit, and should eventually be restored to her home. He was a high official of the Italian Society, which was then engaged in bringing about a general movement in favour of the doctrines of Pythagoras. He gave his name as Astræus, having assumed a title from the ancient mythology according to the practice of his sect. He introduced his companion, named Cyrus, a young man with black hair and pale complexion, and of a somewhat melancholy aspect. He, as it appeared, had been taken under the protection of the Order, after committing a political offence for which he was in danger of death. Dercyllis was enchanted by the hope of escape, and in the end, after due inquiry, it was arranged that she should pass into the care of Astræus ; and a new life began when she left the Temple, with its noisy crowd of quacks and conjurers, and found herself at peace in a quiet cloister at Naples.

Passing out from the Grotto of Posilipo, one might see the edge of the town, backed in the distance by the rich verdure and rocky summits of Vesuvius. Naples covered the slope of a little hill above Santa Lucia and the plateau that makes the first step

in the ascent to Capo di Monte. Its chief feature was the building called the Siren's Tomb, where the famous torch-races were held in honour of the sea-maid Parthenope.

In a large house near the port the matron Philotis gave instruction in the doctrines of Pythagoras. It was settled that Dercyllis should remain for a time under her charge, without sharing the discipline imposed on the students. They were forbidden to converse, except on the rarest occasions ; their bodily and mental exercises were of the severest kind ; and their diet consisted almost entirely of bread and vegetables, with a very occasional slice from a burnt offering. Philotis, however, informed her guest how to make the cake and custard which the Master had used in cases of extremity. The one, if we interpret the receipt aright, was a kind of honey-cake flavoured with squills and poppies ; and the other was composed of cheese and wheat-flour, soaked in rich cream, with the addition of the finest raisins of the sun. Dercyllis was under no obligation to follow either the doctrine or the diet. She seems to have often talked about the Order with the matron and her self-appointed guardian. Astræus had much to say about the Master's boyhood, and the travels in which he had learned the secrets of Egypt and the wisdom of the Hebrews in Babylon. The matron seems to have dealt by preference with matters of a lighter kind. She knew how a word had tamed the Daunian bear, and why the sacred ox had refrained from feeding upon beans. Of Astræus himself she remembered how he was found as a child sucking the gum from a poplar through a reed, and staring with undazzled eyes against the sun, with other gossip of the same kind, only noticeable as having crept into the official biographies.

After a time Astræus announced that he had made preparation for a voyage to Spain, the business of the Order requiring an interview with some of the native chieftains ; and he proposed that Dercyllis should make the expedition in company with himself and his friend Cyrillus. We need not follow the details of the coasting route. A few days were spent at the Greek factory in Rosas Bay and a day or two at Tarracona, and then they proceeded to the passage of the Ebro, near the city now known as Tortosa. This place, according to our romance, belonged to some of the blinking Iberians, who could barely use their eyes by day. As the travellers reached the gate they saw a gang of mounted brigands already forcing an entrance. Astræus, the perfect musician, was

ready with his magical flute ; he knew the Tarantella, and the sleeping-music, and the calls by which they drilled the horses at Sybaris ; and between them all he managed to keep the enemy at bay until the moment of sunset. Every possible honour was lavished on the strangers who had saved the State, and when they determined to proceed up the Valley of the Ebro they were provided with some of those horses of swiftness for which Iberia was celebrated. There is a curious reference to the colour of their chargers, which seems to be taken directly from the work of Posidonius : ‘The horses of Celtiberia,’ he said, ‘are all dappled ; but when they change their colour entirely when they pass into Further Iberia’ ; and so in the romance we are told that when our travellers were chased by the Celts, ‘a savage and foolish people,’ the chief cause of their escape was the change in the colour of their horses, by which their enemies were deceived.

At Acuteia, a town on the Upper Douro, they seemed to be in touch with Greek fashions again. The place itself resembled a ruder Sparta, and the river sparkled like the shallows of the Eurotas. The ‘Acutanians’ anointed themselves, like the Greek gymnasts, with pure olive-oil, and were assiduous at the plunge-bath and vapour-bath. Two kings reigned at once, as in Laconia : but in this case there was perpetual rivalry and a danger of domestic war. All the tribes in this quarter worshipped ‘the Lord Moon’ ; and some of the people noticed that Astræus not only had very bright eyes, but that they apparently increased and decreased, or waxed and waned in lustre. On this hint they acted, and they referred to him as a divinely appointed arbiter the whole question of the dual sovereignty. He decided that the difficulty should be settled by the help of their God, and that each king should rule alternately from new-moon to new-moon for ever.

When the travellers were making their way towards Finisterre their waggons were plundered by robbers, and their whole company dispersed. Dercyllis was carried off to the coast, and found herself in a strange Amazonian country where the men did all the household work and the women tilled the fields and went out to war. Astræus and his friend were hidden in caves and clefts of the rock among the Northern hills. In spite of all dangers and difficulties, by patience and courage they all got together once more ; and they seemed to be safe at last on the road through the Ebro Valley, when Cyrus, lagging behind, was

caught by the Asturian brigands, and was butchered before the eyes of Dercyllis.

When next we hear of her she had been wandering about the Italian towns with Astræus, disguised as a minstrel. For the moment she was near Lentini, in Sicily, looking out for some hiding-place or corner of refuge. The Order had been suppressed, and everyone connected with it, or consorting with any of its members, walked in peril of death. Dercyllis was arrested close to Lentini in a wood near the little stream of the Eryx; she had never been, as some have supposed, a guest in the splendid Temple of Aphrodite, at Mount Eryx on the other side of the island. The old city of Lentini was built in a very singular way. A river runs in a valley between bushy cliffs. On one side was a narrow road, with a row of houses pressed against the rock; across the stream spread the Forum and the *façade* of the Courts of Justice. The mass of the city, the temples, and other public buildings, were set aloft on the hills to the right and left, and the whole place was difficult to guard if a man were determined to escape. When Dercyllis was haled to the Court, expecting torture and death, she was astonished at seeing the face of the Egyptian, who was evidently in high favour at the judgment-seat. She paid no attention to his signs and nods, though she foresaw that there would be some proposal of purchasing life for dis-honour. But, looking away, she was still more amazed to see, among several sailor-like figures, a tall man with bronzed face and lean muscular form, in whom she recognised the brother for whom she had shed so many tears. She guessed that Mantinias and his comrades had been sent by the Order for her rescue. They met at night in her cell, and afterwards they confronted the Egyptian, and after locking him in a vault and robbing him of his wallet of books and herbs, they made their escape down the river and sailed off to Astræus at Metapontum. Here they hoped to live in comparative safety, the people of the place being fond of the Order, and proud of possessing the house and the tomb of the Master; but it was not long before they heard that a pursuit was on foot, and that the Priest had sworn to follow them to the ends of the earth. Astræus advised that they should continue their voyage across the stormy Adriatic, and should force their way afterwards through the mountain passes to the Dacian settlements near the Danube. One of the nearest and dearest friends of Pythagoras was working there for the Order, using the

title of the God Zamolxis, whom the Dacians had worshipped from the remotest antiquity. To the Danube, therefore, they proceeded, and crossed over to the land beyond the forest, and the sacred mountain where Zamolxis sat in judgment. In due time they laid their case before the Prophet, and learned what their fates had decreed. Astræus was to remain with his colleague until his services were required elsewhere. Dercyllis and her brother were to see their old home once more, but only after paying a penalty for their careless and sinful neglect; and for a time at least they were to be exiles in the Polar circle, when they would lose the light of the sun, and 'live by night and die by day.'

We are told nothing of their northward journey, except that they heard and saw marvellous things. We may be sure that they passed the great Central Forest; that they hunted the elk and bison, and learned, like Julius Cæsar, 'that unicorns may be betrayed with trees, and bears with glasses.' As to the legends that some of the northern tribes had men's faces and the bodies of beasts, and the like, we may say with the historian that we know nothing for certain, and therefore must leave them alone. But when the travellers came to the end of their journey they found that they had fallen among friends. There were even certain Greeks in the country, and among them the family of the young Lucilla: and with her Mantinias fell in love, and won her for his bride. There was a Prince of Thule, a fair-haired and blue-eyed warrior called Thruscanus, whose heart flamed like fire for love of the beautiful stranger; and it is certain that our Dercyllis, if not yielding, was preparing to yield. One morning they were all laughing and talking on the hill-side, blue with gentian and golden with the 'reindeer's flower,' when a messenger ran up to say that a ship was in the bay. As they advanced to meet the strangers on the shore, Dercyllis came face to face with the Egyptian. Whether it was a pathetic look in her eyes or the triumphant manner of the Prince that roused his anger, remained for ever unknown; for he raised his hand at once, and fixed her eyes with his stare, and spit thrice before him, and cursed her, so that she fell like a corpse upon the ground. The Prince Thruscanus cried out, and ran at him with his shearing sword, and so made an end of the Adept and all his schemes of wickedness. He looked once more on his love's pale face. 'Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace!' Then, falling on his sword, he fell dying

across her feet. Mantinias shared in the ill effects of the Egyptian's curse, and was buried with his sister in a cave ; but they were fortunately released in time, through Lucilla's devotion for her husband. Until the arrival of Dinius and Demochares they endured a living death, according to the sentence laid upon them that they must 'live by night and die by day.' We have heard already how Azulis discovered the nature of their malady and the means of curing it ; and we are told that he was in great hopes of restoring their parents to health, if the young people could find their way home. Dinius had fallen madly in love with his Princess, notwithstanding the disparity in their age ; and perhaps, after all, the riddling inscription found on his tomb may have been an allusion to the 'short years' of the Arcadian mode of reckoning. But the arrangements for their marriage were interrupted by the illness and death of Demochares. It was finally decided that Dercyllis, with her brother and Lucilla, should return to Tyre under the guidance of Azulis. The old traveller and his remaining companions proceeded northwards to the silent sea, where Nature came to an end. 'There is a sea,' said the Roman historian, 'sluggish and almost unripped, which men believe to be the frontier of the world, because the brightness of the setting sun lasts until his rising, so as to make the star-light pale ; and they are also persuaded that strange sounds are heard there by night, and that one may see a head crowned with rays, and horses rising through the water.' The account of what Dinius saw is extremely incoherent, and there is possibly some confusion between the moon-rise and the light of the Aurora. He is supposed to have advanced so far that he could see new figures on the face of the moon, and to have heard the Sibyl singing there, as in the legend preserved by St. Clement. Carmanes cried towards the sounds, and the Sibyl gave answers to his Chaldean charms. To each man was given the fulfilment of his own desire ; and Dinius, through fever and pain, felt only that he was being taken home across land and sea ; and when his mind was clear again, he found himself in a great hall, and heard familiar voices, and saw Dercyllis smiling at him from the doorway of the Temple of Hercules.

CHARLES ELTON.

THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS.

I.

BITTER was the fight and close the contest in the west division of the county. Desperate indeed was the necessity when the Antis determined to make a raid upon Aughnacloy, the Parnellite stronghold. At noon on a Friday—now the polling was on Monday—their brake drew up in the Diamond of the town, full in front of the post-office.

A black crowd of folk was gathered there already: for it was fair day, and the Antis hoped that friends of their own from the country side might be mixed with the Healy-hating men of Aughnacloy. As the brake stopped, curious folk gathered round it; the errand was quickly known, and loud the cry went up, ‘To hell with the traitors!’ Threatening were the faces of the crowd; it surged and tossed towards the new-comers, shaking fists at them. Stones make the pavement of Aughnacloy, stones apt for the throwing. Quickly they began to rattle on the panels of the brake; they thumped upon the ribs and shoulders of men who sat in it, or stood up and essayed to speak.

Suddenly the crowd parted. Figures in dark uniform forced their way through the press. They took the horses by the head, and led them a little way up a narrow street. Then they drew a cordon below the brake and above, that the Antis might in peace harangue the electors of Aughnacloy.

A tall man in the brake stood up to address the people. Well they knew his face; rude prints of it were in half the cabins of Ireland. Sad thoughts were in his breast and on his brow; it was a strange day when policemen guarded Maurice O'Donnell. Noble he looked as he stood there, and he signed to the people for silence.

The men of Aughnacloy ceased throwing at the brake, and aimed only at the policemen: it is always well to maim a peeler. But the inspector behind the line was on horseback, a goodly mark, and the resident magistrate beside him. When the heart swells with patriotic fervour, no hand is certain. From the main body, but hurled by no common arm, a stone sped. At the inspector

it was aimed, and it whistled by his temple. Hurtling through the air, it came, and it approached Maurice O'Donnell; upon the nose it struck him, and rudely it broke in upon his oration. Large was the stone, and the nose not small; blood flowed in torrents. From either nostril blood spouted, and reddened Maurice O'Donnell's handkerchief. Silence fell upon the crowd; they forgot to shout; they forgot to stone the policemen. They remembered the comfortable words that Maurice had spoken in their hearing, and the rents he had forbidden them to pay. Silence and pity fell upon the crowd: Aughnacloy trembled in the balance. Maurice O'Donnell would have spoken; but blood flowed in place of speech. Nor was an orator lacking.

Tom Molloy rose up, a grave man to look at. Stout he was, and full whiskered; his tall hat was bought in London, but in his brown frock-coat London fashions bowed to the ideals of Enniscorthy. Stout he was, a man of substance. His cheeks were plump and greasy; but his voice shook as he spoke before the people.

'Gentlemen,' he said; 'ay, and ladies, patriots of Aughnacloy! These eyes have seen to-day sights they never thought to look on. They have seen true friends of Ireland hooted on the fair green of Aughnacloy. They have heard the name of traitors hurled against men to whom the plank bed is more familiar than the gilded couches of the great.'

Not a voice was raised to interrupt him. Only the inspector smiled to the resident magistrate, and looked down the street. A second brake was coming up it at the gallop.

The orator cleared his throat for another period. 'My eyes have seen——' he began. But the sound of wheels crashed in and turned the audience from him; the other brake drew up in the crowd by the post-office. It was a flying squadron of the Parnellites come to repulse the attack on Aughnacloy. Again the shouting and the tumult began. The second brake drew up to the cordon. Police separated the rival parties, and across the police they glared defiance.

Again Molloy addressed himself to speak. It was no time now for delays of rhetoric; the climax must be reached with a bound.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'will you break our hearts entirely? I weep, ladies and gentlemen'—and he drew from his pocket a large red bandana—'I weep to see the blood of Maurice

O'Donnell dripping on the cobstones of Aughnacloy. Aughnacloy, are you proud of your handiwork ?'

Sobs rose from the crowd. Aughnacloy was almost won, when upon the box of the other drag arose a hero. Six feet and a half he towered ; his face was large and shining as the sun when he goes forth in his strength. A small round hat was pushed far back upon his head, and his eyes were lost in innumerable creases. He stood up beside the driver, and rested one foot on the driver's seat. He brought his great hand down on his thigh, and the thigh that he slapped was thicker than Tom Molloy's stomach. It was Mick Mahony.

' My God ! ' he said, in a great buzzing voice like a trombone. ' My God ! Tom Molloy weeps ! Look at the greasy crocodile ! Tom Molloy weeps to see the blood of Maurice O'Donnell ! Tom Molloy that was a calf butcher in Enniscorthy since he was ten year old.'

Mighty, in truth, was the roar of laughter that went up from the crowd. The police joined in it ; the inspector and the resident magistrate shook in their saddles. Again Molloy essayed to speak. ' Three cheers for the calf butcher ! ' was the cry that went up from every throat in Aughnacloy. But O'Donnell, not unworthily indignant, flung aside the handkerchief that staunched his wound, and, rising to his full height, scowled down upon the shouting. Alas ! that nose, lofty itself, and fit to express lofty emotions, what was it but a discoloured protuberance ?

' Look at him, boys ! ' Mahony bellowed, ' It's no wonder Tom Molloy cried when he saw the object he had beside him. God, boys ! there's a figure-head for any party ! '

The crowd was with him now, and at every pause they clamoured. Aughnacloy was safe. The assailants were preparing to draw off discomfited. But the devil of mischief burned within Mahony.

' Look at them, boys ! Look at these patriots, these hillside-men ! Do you see them skulking behind the peelers ? There's men to represent Ireland for you ! Boys, will you not give them a piece of your mind before they go ? '

Forward the mob surged. The police drew their batons. Wild was the rush of the men of Aughnacloy, steady was the resistance of the police. Ill fared it with Aughnacloy to have been taken by surprise that day. Scarce one man in ten was foreseeing : scarce ten in a hundred had their shillelaghs.

The police were driven back; but steadily they plied their batons, and the crowd began to give. Then—but then too late—Mick Mahony flung himself into the fray. As the police swept on to where like Ajax he stood charioted, then from the high box seat he hurled himself like an avalanche upon the advancing ranks.

Two policemen fell under that impact—two thousand pounds they cost the county in compensation, and fat they grew in their retirement; yet Mahony outweighed the two. Fierce was the battle over the prostrate hero: policemen swarmed over his body like flies upon a joint of beef. Pat Maher headed a rush to deliver him—Pat the fiery orator, well skilled in prison fare; his heart was great, but little was his body; idly he tugged at Mahony's coat-tails.

The brake with the Antis drove off unheeded; thick and fast fell the batons. Soon the fiery Pat was stretched beside the fallen Titan, under whom the senseless policemen grew gradually flatter. Slowly the crowd retired; their leaders were taken, their sticks lay inglorious at home. Gradually the heap was disentangled; with a kind of earthquake Mahony rose to his feet and shook himself. He looked at the recumbent policemen. 'There was fine stuffing in them fellows,' he observed. He looked at the fallen Pat, and tenderly he lifted him. Pat was lifeless.

Carefully and slowly Mahony drew from the caverns of his pocket such a flask as heroes carry, such a gourd as Arabians bear with them for two days' journey in the desert. Carefully he unscrewed it and applied it to the lips of Pat. Pat was on the instant resuscitated, so strong is the elixir of patriots.

The inspector spoke to the magistrate; briefly then they spoke to Mahony and Pat. They marched them to the police barrack; but the two police, upon whom Mahony descended, went there on a shutter, while Aughnacloy admired and wondered. Two cars they brought to the barrack door; upon each three constables mounted with rifles and fixed bayonets. Upon the hindmost car they set Pat; the foremost groaned beneath the weight of Mahony; and they rolled together out of the streets of Aughnacloy.

II.

Long and dusty was the road and pleasant was the converse of the patriots. The Sergeant sat by Mahony and rejoiced in his good fortune to be in charge of so eminent a man. Surely, he thought, this day will make me an inspector.

At a place where four roads meet there was a house; painted letters were above the doorway, and the horse stopped there unbidden. ‘Sergeant, the day is dusty,’ said Mahony; ‘three fingers of the creatur could do none of us a harm. And there is Mr. Maher, whose head you opened with your baton; much he needs refreshment. Ah, Sergeant, it is you that have the strong arm! ’

Not unwilling they descended, and three fingers apiece they had; nor was that the only house by the wayside. Two hours later again the horse halted, but not for the second time nor the third. On each car the two young constables that sat together were holding one another on. The Sergeant protested. ‘Sergeant, ten fingers is the natural allowance of man; I count him no man that has less.’

Lightly Pat Maher skipped from the car; steadily Mahony descended; but heavily the Sergeant lurched down, and tottering was the gait of the dour Northern that sat beside Pat Maher. The drivers nodded on their seats, and to them came Mahony bearing a potent liquid. Carefully he helped the Sergeant to remount, and the Northern he flung upon the well. Then he winked to Pat majestically. Pat was elated.

‘Will we leave them by the roadside, Mick?’ he whispered. Mahony winked again in silence.

For two miles further the horses toiled slowly over the mountain; the Sergeant slept soundly. Mick got down. Leisurely he brought forth a coil of rope from the well. ‘Pat,’ he said, ‘I’m worn out with holding the Sergeant on.’ Strongly he tied the policemen to their places, every man’s rifle erect between his knees. He lifted the drivers down from their seats and laid them by the roadside in comfortable heather; then upon the one box-seat he bade the fiery Pat ascend, and he took his own place upon the other. Swiftly they drove the six miles into the town of Rathmore, and strange was the staring of the townspeople.

Straight to the county gaol he drove, and loud he knocked at the gate.

The Governor of the gaol was ready and waiting to receive his honoured guests, for already he had word of their coming. Round grew his eyes when they fell upon those two car-loads. Mahony's face was grave and sad.

'Sir,' said he, 'my friend Mr. Maher and myself found these disorderly scoundrels disturbing Her Majesty's peace : we thought that maybe you would know what to do with them.'

'I am much obliged to you, Mr. Mahony,' stammered the Governor; 'but will you not step in yourselves ?'

'Ah, Mick,' Pat murmured in his ear, 'why didn't you let us make a bolt for it ? We needn't have been taken nearer than Waterford, and there's the worst skilly in ten counties in this prison.'

Mick smiled superior.

'You won't mind my having a word or two with my friend here ?' said he, pointing to a red-nosed man who came from the nearest public, and bore in his hand a note-book. 'Good-morrow to you, Kearney,' he shouted. 'Do you see these peelers ? Take their numbers.'

The Governor looked anxious.

'Anything you please, Mr. Mahony ; but for God's sake come in out of the street.'

The cars were brought in and Kearney followed.

'Now, Kearney, you're not to say a word of this without I give you leave. You couldn't tell what these blackguard newspapers would be writing,' said Mahony, turning on the Governor the innocent eyes of a child.

'Certainly not, Mr. Mahony ; you are most considerate.'

'Very well, Kearney. Mind you, now, the "Rathmore Argus" has nothing to say but that Mr. Mahony and his friend were highly pleased with their reception and entertainment. And now, sir, maybe you'll show us our quarters.'

'Excuse me, Mr. Mahony, but there are some trifling formalities.'

'It's Her Majesty's uniform he wants to put on us, Mick,' said Pat Maher. 'Well, I never was one to raise a riot over the pattern of my breeches. See and let me have a clean suit, sir ; that's all I'm asking you.'

'By God!' said Mahony, 'there's no prison clothes they'll put on me this day.' And he drew himself up to his full height.

The Governor said a word to the warder who was trying on Pat Maher.

'Surely, sir, there's them we made last year for Patsy Condon, the man that killed the sergeant with the shillelagh.'

Mahony's face fell.

'Is it Patsy Condon? Well, he was a good man with a stick, but a dirty blackguard, and the devil a one of me will wear his clothes.'

'But, Mr. Mahony, they have been carefully washed.'

'Washed, do you say? All the soap in Europe wouldn't take the smell of Patsy Condon out of them.'

The clothes were brought. 'Well, if I must, I must,' said Mahony. They had been built for a giant, and he fitted into them; but fitted as a hand fits into its glove.

'The devil's in the luck,' he said. 'Pat, you villain, if it was you now, I'd split them off you with a story. Is there none of you could make me laugh? God! if I could only see Maurice O'Donnell with that nose on him this minute.'

He stopped an instant. 'I have it now,' says he; 'living or dead, I'll never wear second-hand prison breeches.'

He whispered a word to Kearney, and Kearney drew from his pocket a small paper. There was a powder in it, and he handed it to Mahony. 'Living or dead,' said Mahony, raising his hand, and a fistful of the powder disappeared. Then, with a convulsion such as shakes the rocks when dynamite is kindled; with such a shock as when cannons thunder—he sneezed: back and front, seams and lining, the coat and breeches were rent and scattered with the violence of that sneeze; the clothes fell from him like rags.

'I always told you, Kearney, you had the powerfulest snuff in Ireland,' said Mahony, standing clear of the wreck; 'and now, sir, maybe you'll order me my suit. Now, Kearney,' said he, turning to the red-faced reporter, 'you may be stepping, and you need be saying nothing about the peelers as long as Pat Maher and myself get decent usage.'

There never was a prison so set upside down as Rathmore county gaol that day. Every warder was on the grin; the Governor himself struggled to conceal his laughter. Nor was order soon re-established. Mahony was the prison's divinity for

a space of two months. ‘I had my ten fingers every day regular,’ he tells it, ‘and if I’d wanted ten toes to that I’d have got them. The Governor used to come in by way of asking me had I any complaints, and he and I would sit talking by the hour. The day I came out, he stepped in on the very stroke of twelve. “Mr. Mahony,” says he, “time’s up, and I congratulate you.” We walked out into the yard to say good-bye to Pat, for poor Pat, you see, got an extra month for trying to make a Parnellite of the judge in court. “Now,” says the Governor, “there’s your way out, and we are all sorry to lose you.” “Much obliged to you,” says I; “maybe I might be looking in on you again before long.” “You’ll be going back to Dublin, I suppose,” he said, “I suppose so,” says I. “There’s no good train till five o’clock,” says he, looking at his watch; “what would you think of staying to have a bit of lunch with us? My wife would like to make your acquaintance.”

‘Well, I stayed, and I was introduced to Mrs. Byrne and the children, and they couldn’t make enough of me; and after lunch I had the best part of the ten fingers, and the Governor—but there now, I won’t say another word; for, no matter what I did, the papers got the story about the escort of police that brought me and Pat into Rathmore; so I’ll tell you no more about the Governor.’

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE MOON'S MIRACLE.

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds ; before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
 Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.

Paradise Lost, Book II. 533.

How the Count saw a city in the sky and men in harness issuing thereout—Of the encampment of the host of the moonsmen—Of how the battle was joined—The Count's great joy thereat and of how the fight sped.

THE housekeeper's matronly skirts had sounded upon the staircase. The maids had simpered their timid ‘Good-night, sir,’ and were to bed. Nevertheless, the Count still sat imperturbable and silent. A silence of frowns, of eloquence on the simmer; a silence that was almost a menace.

‘Bed-time, Count,’ I suggested.

His thinking had dishevelled his hair. He peered at me with wrathful disapprobation. ‘How glum,’ he muttered, ‘how desperately glum !’ and again fell silent.

‘I fancied that it was getting late,’ said I. ‘Late, late ?’ he grunted, ‘am I the slave of the clock ? Bed for old women.’

‘May I ask what is wrong, sir ?’ said I.

The floodgates were opened.

‘I am in the blues, boy, unfathomable. All is wrong : that I am old and full of wear, that Life, the sorceress, is wearying of me ; soon she will play the jilt. And here I sit, cudgelling my jaded brains for to evade the one event. But even the Count is mortal, and his palace of youth evanished in a golden mist of memories. Now the worms’ banqueting hour is at hand, now wails the Banshee.’ The Count was smiling and frowning. He limped over to me and sat down beside me, under the candles at the window.

‘I am in the blues, boy ; call it what you will—indigestion or home-sickness of soul. The green of the past is out of sight, the pitiless sands of old age stretch out to the brink—and a certain Bird is patient.’ He leaned forward and tapped me upon the knee. ‘I will fight,’ said he between his teeth, ‘fingers against beak till the white bones show.’

Then back was flung his head with his familiar guffaw. 'Tut! here am I lavishing my hoarded experience on a raw youth who sucks at his book as though it were the fruit of the tree of Life. Laughing, are you? So am I. It is the candles, the candles, the candles. They conjure up musty shrines and greedy heirs. Shut your book, raw youth, and draw aside the curtains; we will hob a nob with the moon.'

The moon was high above the housetop, so that only a faint twilight trickled into the room; but, upon the grassy stretch of common, whose skirt was twinkling fair with distant lamps, she shone cold and bleak. The trees, indecorously clothed this autumn-time, feebly shivered in their rags. Upon the other side the common, over against the Swan Pond, the potboy was putting up the shutters of the 'Green Man'; and, as he drew to an end, one by one its lights went out as a man might shut his eyes. And when this landmark was thus silently withdrawn, it seemed that we were suddenly left the sole companions of the night.

The Count drew a deep breath. 'How good!' said he, 'how good! 'Tis a blue bowl of moonlight; let us drink to the dregs. 'Gad! a mere eyeshot of my Wimbledon is a recompense for all our woe. A lovable rogue is life, but a jilt, a jilt.' He surveyed the world with a mother's eyes. One by one, in the silence, our neighbour's cocks began to crow. The Count's face grew merry again.

'Now the cocks do shout the midnight,' he chaunted. 'How quiet is the air! but yet I'll wager to a keener ear a thousand fairy harps are rippling. And mark you that crook-backed elm; what a pose, a personality she has in her tattered petticoat. You would think—but Dryads are out of fashion in this age of gilt.' (I was listening now with little attention.) 'Sing hey for shrewd Mrs. Grundy though she see no farther than the Ultimate Plumes. Down soul, down! and out of the drawing-room. So the gaffer's tongue wags, for equivocation must drown doubt; yet had I a titlile of certainty (just the glimmer of a ghost) I would ecstatically die and my hearse should be a veritable Car of Triumph. Alas! many an old comrade have I seen swagger into eternity, but never a one has bugled clear to me from his shadowy bourne.' ('It is an optical delusion,' I muttered.) 'Are their eagle spirits snuffed out into blindness and silence? Do they——?'

Out of the misty far away rose the mere echo of a cockerow.

'Whist!' said I, 'whist!'

The Count's rhapsody was cut short. We stood agape at the window.

The North-West brought it forth. In this direction alongside of the roadway, is a row of poplars. And it was just here, above their topmost twigs, that, when the Count was in the midst of his talking, I saw the first sign in the sky. 'Mirage,' said the Count curtly, polishing the glass with his sleeve. His aged grey eyes were wide-open as a child's at a Christmas tree. 'A thing common enough, common enough, but——' A policeman loosely sauntering on the pathway overlooked by the house, to my astonishment, seemed to notice nothing uncommon. I was near calling out to him as street boys call to one another at the appearance of a balloon. But in the weighing of the matter in my mind I let him saunter on, out of hearing. When he was well gone I was glad to have kept silence. The intense stillness of the city's surreption of the night-sky for a while assured me of its unreality; but soon it was impossible so to think. Out of space the city had risen upon us. Out of the night she sallied forth like a bride.

'Look, look!' said the Count hotly. The city was now hovering at a span above the Home for the Dying. A sudden light shone in a window to the north. Maybe it was set shining by a mother fetching milk for her baby or by some one awakened out of nightmare, for soon it was extinguished. 'The silence is like a wary beast,' said the Count. 'D'ye think, is it the dust of the air (my eyes are dim), or do I see men moving upon the ramparts and busy about the gates? That pinnacle grows clearer every minute; it pricks the sky. Really it is very odd. What? what says the boy? And yet, mark you, not an inch of it is moonlit. Some inner light glimmers upon the stone, or a sister moon is prowling in her rear.' 'Men, men!' said I. Very slowly the world's circumference dipped in the sky until the city hung free of all earthly excrescences, as though she were swinging by a cord, as swings a seagull, out of space. Like a huge, still summer-cloud lazily lolling on the horizon near before sunset was the city, save that upon her walls and buildings was the light of a wintry dawn fluttering.

Presently winged men in a multitude were to be clearly seen, and also upon the right of the main gate flanked by smooth turrets, a multitude of horsemen likewise with outstretching wings. Again I searched the common that I might point out the wonder to some chance passer-by and be convinced. To me it

seemed a traitorous deed to extinguish the candle of science in a breath, to trample Newton's grave. A woman upon a seat near at hand was inert and asleep ; none stirred anywhere. But while my eyes went vainly roaming the extremities of the common they lighted upon slow moving blotches in the darkness of the North-East. These I pointed out to the Count. 'My field-glasses in the green leather case,' said he. 'In the old cabinet,' said I. But neither of us stirred a pace from the window. 'Horsemen ? yes, horsemen !' said I ; 'how they ride !' 'Like secrets,' said the Count. Soon, it was a difficult matter to keep watch on all these things. The concourse of people about the city's gates was increasing. Mustered in rigid order, they stood like an army prepared for battle. For a little while I was apprehensive lest a trumpet should sound and should wake the world, fetching men and women, all in a panic, in nightcap and gown, from the warren of houses into this open place.

But no sound fell. The vast assemblage was silent. The horsemen upon the sky's verge were making stealthy progress. Clearly some tumult was toward. 'Such business means the devil to pay,' said the Count. 'No peaceable city that, my friend. See how tense is the bustle, even the watching of it clenches the fists. I know the heart-gnaw, the rat at the pit of the stomach. Chut ! my pension for new blood. Every man of 'em writes hazard in every movement. If that be an outflanking ruse,' he continued, pointing a ludicrously gaunt finger towards the left, 'the enemy must be encamped in mid-sky. They go the pace. Mettlesome beasts they be. And observe the order, line upon line, with nice interspacing. Mark the ease of their seat, horse and man—one, like a hawk, confident of every wrought muscle. Line upon line they ride, hugging the shadow. A fit body of men—and the beasts !' 'Ay,' said I, 'you are right, Count, it is a rear attack. They are making profit of the earth's shadow. Their accoutrements are dull too. Are they not purpureal, sir ?' 'Cute enough !' 'In night khaki,' said the Count, like one inspired. 'Yes,' said I, 'you are right. The enemy must be in mid-sky, overhead.' We turned quick, the one towards the other. 'Round about the moon !' we shouted together.

Pretty certainly we were to be justified of our surmise, unless, far Westward, out of the world's ken, lay their goal. The Count was already hurrying out of the room. In his heat and

boisterous haste he overstrained his leg, but, careless of the pain, and leaning upon my arm while he flourished the candle on high in his left hand to light our way (and assist the placid scrutiny of his ancestors), he pushed forward down the passage. The eyes of the pictures were exceeding dull painted it seemed to me. ('I owe them this night,' was the Count's rebuke of my levity.) On our way, because of the bend in the hall-way, we saw the dwarf city speed, as it were, across the fanlight of the door. 'Ha! d'ye see, a manœuvre to the sou'-west, too?' said the Count. In our anxiety to shoot back the bolts of the door, we much incommoded one another, whereupon the Count fiercely swore at me in a flurry of anger. He was another man. With the forethought that is sometimes twin with excitement, I seized a mackintosh which hung upon a peg at the doorway, and with this followed near after the Count, who, impatient of my help, with never a step without a groan, was wrathfully hobbling down the steps into the garden. In our short absence, the walls and towers of the sky-city had waxed plainer yet. But, though nearer at hand, the very war men's faces were discernible, yet the utmost limits of the city I could not see, since round about her the stars were obscured; for there hovered London's smoke. And now we were free of the shadow of the house. By clambering upon the stone pilasters near by the yews where lies the stable-yard, we could sight nigh the whole firmament. Here, simultaneously, we bleated amazement at the tents of the army encamped about the moon.

The tents were of divers pale colours, some dove-grey, others saffron and moth-green, and those on the farther side, of the colour of pale violets, and all pitched in a vast circle whose centre was the moon. I handed the mackintosh to the Count and insisted upon his donning of it. 'The dew hangs in the air,' said I; 'and unless the world spin on too quick we shall pass some hours in watching.' 'Ay,' said he in a muse, 'but it seems to me the moon-army keeps infamous bad watch. I see not one sentinel. Those wings travel sure as a homing bird; and to be driven back upon their centre would be defeat for the—lunatics. Give me but a handful of such cavalry, I would capture the Southern Cross. Magnificent! magnificent! I remember when I was in—' For, while he was yet deriding, from points a little distant apart, single, winged horsemen dropped from the far sky, whither, I suppose, they had soared to keep more efficient watch; and

though we heard no whisper of sound, by some means (inaudible bugle call, positively maintains the Count) the camp was instantly roused and soon astir like seething broth. Tents were struck and withdrawn to the rear. Arms and harness, bucklers and gemmy helms sparkled and glared. All was orderly confusion.

It was just now that a little breeze moved, lifting the hair upon my head and letting it fall. By-and-by it came again, fluttered, and fell; and again, like the breath of a Polar bear. Soon it blew briskly and steadily. 'Put up your collar, Count,' said I. 'Fortune defend us from rain!'

So gently was the city ascending that it seemed she was being wafted onward by the gentle wind. In a little while she emerged quite out of the haze and revealed to us her remoter pinnacles and towers, fair and lucid, and of gossamer airiness. Her course was not the moon's course, and at no time did she rise many degrees above the skyline. Her progress (whither, who can say?) must have been very slow, so much my bones on the morrow painfully testified, but zest is time's sharpest rowel, and when morn came, putting out the vision, the night seemed only too soon to have come to an end.

This while the Count, in his own conceit, was Commander-in-Chief of the celestial aliens. He growled commands, stormed, and soliloquised. He squandered his virile vocabulary upon trembling *aides-de-camp*. His pose was heroic. In his dun mackintosh, at attention—so far as his leg would permit him—upon his own gatepost he cut a figure droll enough.

In some measure his isolation warranted his boast. As fortunate as inexplicable was our solitude. Even the woman, to whom we were now come near, was not at all disturbed, but lay fast asleep, her face upturned to the pale sky, quite regardless of the miracle, grossly unabashed by these 'minions of the moon.' Perhaps she entertained in her dreams other visitors—silks, and ease, and plenty—as rare and as pleasing.

Upon the Count and the sleeper, however, I wasted little attention. Troop after troop of horse, of somewhat gloomy equipment, were defiling between the gates of the city; some to join the main body, now distent in a crescent, some to spread fanwise on either flank of the moon-army. It chanced, moreover, that while I was watching there fell a lull in the procession; those horsemen who were just beyond the portal looked back and sharply drew in against the wall; and, presently after, a rider with cloak

astream, bearing despatches (perchance) from one in authority or from council convened in secret debate, burst solitary and precipitate out of the shadow, curved upward, dwindled to a spark under the sprawling Bear, went out—and the horsemen trooped on orderly between the city gates.

The contingents despatched before, whom we had espied on the horizon, had seized the South, and with tight rein were stretching in towards the centre, driving before them isolated stragglers ('scouts,' said the Count) of the moon-army. This latter, constantly being recruited by these few and others from above, was now swollen to quite formidable bulk.

'How are the chances, Count?' said I.

'I like it not, I like it not,' said he, astutely wagging his head. 'I wonder,' he continued, 'if a cockcrow would reach their ears! England expects! *Ma foi*, what city is this of marvellous architecture? Now it minds me of a black pearl, now of a dreamed Babylon. I say, I say!'

'What now?' said I. A troop of horse was wheeling in the black north in stealthiest fashion.

'See you there? See you the main gate?' said the Count, with antic gesticulations.

'The main gate?' said I. One of my men had fallen headlong.

'Yes,' said the Count; 'yes; well, look back, fifty yards or so, to that sheeny dome where the grey birds are fluttering; now to the right a little—ken ye a turret? It is the king; it is the king.'

I left watching my troop, and followed his directions. Near by the ramparts, in full view of the battlefield, upon a turret, was a little gorgeous company, with heads sapiently inclined each to each, gossiping together with restrained gestures; and a little afore them upon that turret, alone, a man, very sombre and regal and elect. Whether king or city mayor or grand vizier. 'Ho!' bawled the Count, 'old lamps for new.' No answer came. 'Sky wolves,' he howled in a frenzy, 'birds of battle, show us of things: Turn your faces agleam. Whence came you out? Is time there? Passes the night? Ho, Ho, Ho!'

We waited for but the stir of a finger to betray them; but, even did they hear, they took no heed. Indeed, it seemed that all the combatants were clean without knowledge of the earth. Theirs only was the Universe. If I may again quote the Count:

'Why, sir, even the camp followers are Napoleons'—which is fanciful, but this is just. 'I have walked the world this three-score and ten, and to-night see soldiers.'

Soldiers indeed they were; their callous persistency, their vigorous order and array, and their trim machinal manœuvres alarmed me (down here in safety) not a little. But this not so much as the silence. For not until near break of day did the wind grow turbulent, and bluster and grumble at the chimney tops, and shrill in the bare twigs. Meanwhile the small voice of a cricket in the stable-wall sounded continuously in my ear, although my eyes were dazzled and giddy, and my wits in a maze with watching of the ever-moving host. I wondered at the Count's temerity. 'Ah,' said he, 'my uncle the Major would have enjoyed this! Their wings beat in my heart. Do but put out a finger, it would touch them. Bah, blockheads! blockheads! Stretch him against a wall. I will have 'em all courtmartialled. Skirted misses! Weanlings! Ha, a devilish fine fellow! He knows his business, he knows his business.' Thus the Count dittied, now to the skies, now to me.

Slowly, in an icy silence, the armies drew together. Of a thousand warriors of old, spent, heart-sick Sisera alone came to my mind and Deborah's Song of Victory—'They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,' thrilled down the centuries to the clasp of timbrels, as though I had been the traitress Jael herself. Indeed, myself was fanatical, up in arms. Doubtless our cramped position, the cold, the solitude, and the seeing of nought earthly but here a tree-top, now a glossy roof, in some measure cut us off from life's corporeity, gave us wings; it is, nevertheless, remarkable that these extramundane noctivagators should have so convinced us that (as the Count said) this fat, palpable, complacent world suddenly grew spectre-thin and stalked out of reality into a mist of dreams. We were like flies upon the ceiling of a ball-room watching the motley festivities, save that the feet of the dancers (the celestial hosts) trod our air. How vast seemed the circuit of the skies.

'I give them twenty minutes to get into action,' said the Count.

The minutes passed exceeding slowly. The night was wind-swept and very clear; everything plotted to assist and entrance our observation. Hitherto, we had been quite undisturbed, but when a half of the Count's twenty minutes was gone by,

suddenly I heard a loud shouting. I looked with some vexation across the common ; a man with his hands clapped upon his head was violently running over the grass, crying out shrilly as he ran. ‘Here’s a wretch at last who calls “Fall on us,”’ said the Count. The intruder came on with many a stumble and now and then a fall, for the moon played tricks with her shadows upon the unequal ground. ‘Hollo,’ I shouted, ‘hold your tongue—hold your tongue !’ The intruder threw back his head with a gasp (he was then twenty paces distant), and seeing that the sudden voice was human and not, as he might think, from the clouds, quickly trotted towards us and soon was cowering at the pedestal, his hand upon the Count’s boot. The Count was on a roar, and roared the louder when the woman, awakened by the fellow’s clamour, put back her head to yawn, and saw the sky. She waited not to scream, but lifting her skirts that they should not impede her, whipped round and in a wink was nimbly footing it over the grass towards this, the only haven, like a startled bat. When she reached us, she hid her face in a corner of her ulster and gabbled incessantly, like a woman possessed. ‘Chut ! hold your tongue, ma’am,’ said the Count testily, ‘you desecrate the silence.’ Her voice fell to a low continuous moaning. The street musician, for such was the first-comer, after the first flush of terror, quickly recovered his wits. In high feather he perched himself upon the stable-wall, and thence commanded a wider view to the South than ourselves. This he used to advantage, crying us news when detachments thereabouts swooped out of our sight. Nor were we the only watchers : the walls of the night-begotten city were black with still onlookers viewing the battle from afar off.

Now the last moment was come. My heart stood still in panic expectancy. Even the Count henceforward held his peace ; even things inanimate seemed to bow beneath the burden of the silence ; and the trees crouched under the moving skies like huddled beasts at the thunder. All sudden the blood gushed warm in my body. All sudden a weltering wave of horsemen rocked against the stars. Then the armies of the sky met.

Now at full speed, in silence, the nightsmen swept down upon the moonsmen, surging in their onslaught almost within touch of the moon. Now steadily with grim stubbornness, in silence of deep seas, the moonsmen drove back their assailants and falling and leaping, leaping and falling, regained their magic circle. The sky was rimmed over with galloping horsemen as foam rides in on

wind-beaten waves. The spark-spitting hoofs, the pulse of moonlit wings, the fury of brandished weapons, though without sound, rang in my inward ears. All this night the moon wended her steep way in a girdle of glittering warriors.

Albeit here was the very acme of the battle, yet to me the outlying troops of horsemen far down in the heavens until they almost grazed roof, were more engrossing. Sometimes in one of these petty fights most ingenious tactics were evident. Like falcon and heron, two would flutter, swoop, hover, fall ; in a trice, without a sound. Such a duel as this took place immediately above our heads. Even the woman, seated upon the Count's mackintosh, left her wailing and thereafter gave little rest to her small quick eyes.

Now a vehement squadron sped higher, highmost until the sight yearned in vain. Now a luckless horseman in the full heat of fight fell like a meteor into our unfriendly air and silently, like a meteor, disappeared. Fleet soaring skirmishers, slow compact regiments, disarrayed frenzied fugitives, hither and thither, to and fro, put out the stars and filled the air with lightnings. Without sound, undaunted, and more gloriously ablaze in their swift decadence, a thousand fell out of silence into nothingness. And if a legion in grim magnificence should in its tactics droop from on high to within some few spire-lengths of the earth, then a giant shadow would sweep the moonbeams from the dewy grass, and would transiently dull the glitter of the Count's round eyes. I noticed, also, more than once, that at some extreme point of vantage the troops would muster innumerable until, like a wolf-harried flock, a tangled tumultuous mass would rear itself fantastically upon the horizon, and ere long, trembling, would sink out of sight.

Once, a bird, out of the ivy of the house, with low chirrups of dismay, went fluttering from tree to tree—it seemed like a voice from the dead. Ever and anon, the eye, debauched with movement, returned to that silent city, black with her people upon her walls, whom every accident of the fight, whether of victory or defeat, visibly moved. ('Alack, the brave mothers!' said the Count.) The king, too, austere and motionless, with finger upon cheek—his brain, I wager, on an itch to be doing—was a sight for young eyes. 'My friend,' afterwards said the Count, 'I almost wept that I was not a boy!' All the night through the battle waged and the moon fell lower towards her setting : all the night through silent battalions sped and met

and scattered: all the night through the 'pedestalled' Count, and the woman, and the street musician, and I myself, in a little company, watched the wonder. Throughout the night we kept our watch while our good neighbours, orthodox and sceptical alike, on the other side their shining windows snored in comfortable and decorous ignorance, slumbered then and slumber now—I doubt if Death himself shall open their eyes.

It may be debated if this prodigy were visible outside of the Count's Wimbledon. At some miles distant the horsemen might appear like clouds, the city a cloud, and would call for little attention. Maybe (and the Count thinks it) some solitary astrologer at a window wielded a telescope; some boy watching, ate apples. But, of all men, none could have deeper joy of the thing than the Count. Perhaps it were not amiss to the military reader here to be presented with the Count's full diagrams, and technical utterances, relating to the event; but so abstruse were his explanations, so voluble and incoherent (and so drastic) his censures and approofs, his charts so profoundly 'impressionistic,' that I despaired even of understanding them, far more of fitly and authoritatively setting them down. Wherefore this account is brief and merely my own. The end of the matter I may not know; even the cause of the battle is hid from me. The Count was afterwards cocksure of the city's victory. It is better known to them who blackened her walls and kept watch; to her king himself.

The vision faded with the stars in the East-South-East, and was put out at the coming of day. At the first doubtful peep of dawn's grey eye the city seemed to tremble and the horsemen to wax pale, as a cheek grows pale with fear. We sorrowfully watched their passing. Erelong the tyrant sun, preceded by a garish retinue, rose in the East, and the city with her history and her people and her wonder, as she had come out of the night, went forth into the day, and we saw her no more. Maybe the combatants fought on, and the world left them behind; maybe they are superior inhabitants of far places and will appear to us no more; but perhaps, if like monsters in the deep seas we shall watch in patience for the repassing of such craft sailing in silence our long nights, our expectations will be not altogether vain. Now, however, morning smoke was rising; London was out of bed; and moonsmen and nightsmen had disappeared as they were mere creatures of the imagination,

The Count was very cold and nigh helpless. ‘I have seen the sign,’ said he anagogically. ‘What heroes! what a fight! My brothers in arms in the to be.’ He chafed his gouty fingers and continued with emotion, ‘We have seen—you and I. Valhalla! Dust to—? Ha! that Rascal besashed, that Pressgangsman.’ He fetched a deep breath. ‘Now, ma’am, and you, sir,’ he added, with kindly nods to our fellow-watchers, ‘tis nipping and raw, pray walk in.’ We entered the house together. The Count walked in upon the musician’s arm, deplored as he went the silence of the night. ‘What did it lack say I?—a band, my friend—a skyey drum-and-fife band. Think on’t—drum-taps like cowards’ teeth, a brazen war-blast out of the sky deeps.’ ‘Fireworks without the pop,’ replied the musician, more than confident after his fears. ‘Ah, sir, I perceive you are a man of the world,’ said the Count. The musician tittered.

The Count’s visitors were hospitably regaled with rum-and-water. The musician, before his departure, entertained us with a tune. Soon they were gone away with a bit of silver in their pockets, not bound, I trust, for a lunatic asylum. The Count and I tried vainly to converse upon topics befitting the breakfast table. We eyed each other askance, each suspicious of the other’s credulity. Conversation was flat and unprofitable, and the ingressive sun a sorry mockery. Optimism is not unfrequently the harbinger of pessimism.

At the first stir of the housekeeper’s rising the Count made morosely for bed.

WALTER RAMAL.

*RECOLLECTIONS OF
FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any.¹

WHEN I was asked by the editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE to give his readers my recollections of my very dear friend, Frederick Maurice, my first thought was : ‘ What can the man do that cometh after the king ? Even that which hath already been.’ What can I say that has not been already better said by his son in that Life of his father, in which he has exhibited not only an acquaintance with the facts such as no one else could pretend to, but also such a grasp of all the great controversies in which his father took a part as no professed theologian has shown himself to possess. And I might add that General Maurice had already included in his father’s life as much as he judged expedient of my notes, made almost day by day, of the beginning, in his own house, of what I venture to call a mutual life-long friendship. But then I remembered that no trait of character is too minute to help us to create the complete image of a man of the generation that is gone, and that such minute traits are necessarily lost to us except in so far as they may have been actually recorded by a contemporary. To some of these minute traits, and to the incidents which gave them birth, I must now be the only remaining witness.

Such is my apology for what now follows ; in excuse for any mistakes of dates, I must plead my inability from the failure of eyesight to verify my references.

Like Roebuck and John Mill, I first made acquaintance with Maurice through John Sterling, though not for their reason—that he was too shy and reticent to be got at directly. All thoughtful young men who knew of Maurice were already aware that his stores of wisdom were great, but found it hard to get at them. My cousin, Charles Buller, was a fellow undergraduate of Cambridge with Maurice and John Sterling. Sterling was introduced by Charles Buller to his (Charles Buller’s) mother and her sisters, Lady Louis, and my mother. John Sterling’s warm heart,

¹ Ben Jonson on Shakespeare.

frank and genial disposition, and brilliant intellect made him universally welcome. The poems and philosophy of Wordsworth and Coleridge were a special bond between him and my aunt, Lady Louis, and in her house I first heard from him, if not the name of Frederick Maurice, certainly that of 'Eustace Conway.' This philosophic novel, as I may call it, was written after Maurice had left Cambridge, and was editing the '*Athenæum*' while studying law. It was accepted by the publisher, Mr. Colborne, after it had been cut down to half its original length, and was published in 1835 by Mr. Bentley, successor to Mr. Colborne. In the interval Maurice had become a clergyman, and, as his sister Priscilla told me, had endeavoured to get back the copyright, as he thought it was not right, or at least not expedient, that one in holy orders should publish a novel. Coleridge, for whom Maurice had always a profound reverence, though he never saw him, spoke highly to Sterling of the book. To so enthusiastic a friend as Sterling himself it seemed the opening of a new era of life and light. It was, indeed, a day of great revivals in Church and in State, and of a corresponding enthusiasm, which was as great if not so wild in its hopes as that which Wordsworth describes as existing in his youth. And Sterling was right in believing that Maurice was to play, and had already begun to play, a most important part in the day then dawning.

I read the book, but was disappointed to find that it did not correspond to the expectations I had formed from Sterling's account of it. My own youthful ideals of life did not seem to be there. But in the following year a younger contemporary of Maurice at Oxford, Henry Butterworth, gave me to read Maurice's '*Subscription no Bondage*', then just published. It was the word I was wanting to hear said. There are moments, I suppose, for every man in which by a flash of unexpected light he sees into the life of things; and such a discovery and declaration came to me, as to many others, in this pamphlet. Not that I knew or cared anything about the Thirty-nine Articles, but with an interval of returning health after long illness had come the need for some key and clue to the mystery of all this unintelligible world beyond what could be found in Peter Sterry, Law, and Madame Guyon. This key and clue Maurice declared—rather say, announced—to be found in the science and study of theology, properly understood. Theology is the study of the character of God in His relations with man. In these relations consists the government of the

world. God's state is kingly and His kingdom rules over all; every human interest of thought and feeling, all the relations of the family, the nation, and the Church are interests and institutions of His kingdom.

The doctrine was not new, but Maurice had come to set it forth in the new form which it needed that it might be intelligible and suitable for the present age. It was the new corn, 'which cometh year by year out of the old fields.' It may be seen in Maurice's reference in later years to this pamphlet that he was conscious of its permanent worth and importance, while he freely declared that he had been mistaken in supposing that the actual subscription to the Articles should or could be continued. And it is noticeable that among those on whom 'Subscription no Bondage' made a deep impression was John Mill, a man for whom Maurice had respect and regard, but whom he once spoke of to me as one whose mind had an ever extending circumference, though he could never find a centre for it. It is likely enough that, after the training he had from childhood, he owed it to Maurice that the existence of such a centre was even a probability to him. If my memory is not at fault, Maurice so spoke in a tone of regret, but without any of that severity of judgment which he certainly expressed in a published letter to me on the same subject. And a like set-off to Mill's favourable opinion of 'Subscription no Bondage' may be found in his *Autobiography*. In the same way Maurice and Carlyle gave contradictory estimates of each other. I remember how, when I had read to Maurice the pathetic description in 'Sartor Resartus' of the human conscript on whom the lot of ignorance had fallen, he said with scornful indignation that it was the description of a man lying down drunk in a pot-house; yet about the same time he told me one day, with manifest pleasure and sympathy, that on his meeting Carlyle in the street that afternoon Carlyle had said to him, 'I always feel loyal to you.' And then, about a year later, when Maurice was expressing his admiration to me for Carlyle's *Lectures* and his reverence for the man, he added that he feared the feeling was not reciprocal, but that Carlyle thought him a sham. I believe that these estimates, though contradictory, were all sincere. These men felt the intellectual power and moral earnestness of each other, though these forces had failed to pass from opposition into harmony.

In the spring of 1836 I ascertained through Sterling that

Maurice, who was now appointed to the Chaplaincy of Guy's Hospital, would like to have a pupil to read with him for Oxford or Cambridge ; and after a correspondence, of which Maurice's share has been given in his life, I went to live with him for about six months. During the remaining thirty-six years of his life he always seemed to me to be the same man with whom I had thus first become acquainted, though in truth his mind and character were always in full growth and expansion in every direction. He was very shy, and therefore reserved and silent till some subject stirred him to an enthusiasm which carried him away. He felt his shyness painfully. He reproached himself with being unpractical, as indeed he often was, in small matters ; and he suffered much from deep depression, always, I think, liable to return, though never so great after his happy marriage with one who, in this as in all things, was his helpmeet. I remember once he was half murmuring to himself, 'The world is out of joint'; his sister Priscilla, who kept house for him, cheerfully replied, 'Then you must set it right.' And he rejoined, with great earnestness, 'Ah, that is the misery of it. You know Hamlet goes on,

O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right.'

And it was this conviction that he had been sent into this disjointed world, and that he was unequal of himself to the task, which so habitually weighed upon his spirit. When we read his letters together with the record of his actions at all important moments, we seem to see two men, not the less in contradiction because one is understood by the other. The perfect healthiness of the humility with which he habitually speaks of himself and his shortcomings makes it impossible to doubt that this humility was thoroughly sincere. But then, out of this sense of weakness comes a consciousness of power and resolution to act, which are no less sincere and which do completely master the others. That 'modest stillness and humility' so became him that there was nothing of awkwardness, but only the frank and genial courtesy of a gentleman. There is no one to whom I would sooner give that name.

When I recall the image of my old friend there rises with it that of another man who moved in a very different sphere of action, Mountstuart Elphinstone, who, from my boyhood, had been an embodiment of the ideal of chivalry.

I found in Maurice a man who knew something of every

subject, while of one, with all its ramifications, this knowledge, I might rather say this wisdom, was deep and thorough. Theology was the centre of his thought and life, but it was the centre from which every human interest radiated, and no human interest was foreign or uninteresting to him. Literature, politics, society in all its forms, he could talk wisely and well on them all, and in so doing gave a new life to each. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*

During the time that I spent under his roof I became acquainted with all his family, noble-minded, generous, of strong personalities, united by a bond of love, and concentrated upon the one son and brother. Such a family life must have had a powerful influence on the formation of the character of Frederick Maurice. We may here see where and how he found the two first of his four ideals of human relations: the Person, the Family, the State, the Church. An atmosphere of piety in the classical as well as the Christian sense of the word pervaded the little home at Guy's. And its reality is the more marked by the fact of the lasting impression which it has left upon me, though made up of the little unremembered kindnesses of which few can now be recalled. Besides, even what I can recall with pleasure to myself might seem too trivial to those who can only read them without knowing the circumstances out of which they grew. I will try two or three. I have mentioned his meeting with Carlyle. Another day he told us that he had met Wordsworth at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. They talked of poets, and Wordsworth said of Shelley that his 'Skylark' was full of imagination, but that he did not know so much about the actual bird as he (Wordsworth) did. And of Chatterton that he had shown greater genius than any other poet had done at his age. Then he would repeat a conversation with Julius Hare, or Mr. Rose, or describe how Julius Hare had interested him by an account of two young men, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, who had just come from Scotland into Messrs. Longmans' House, names to be known very widely in the future time, and not least in their relations of friendship as well as of business with Maurice himself. He liked a good story, and could tell it with epigrammatic point; for example, how a book of which the original title was 'The Soul and its Aspirations,' had been found in the library of an eminent professor at Cambridge, with the title altered to 'The Soul and its Stomach-aches.' How another professor in conversation with Coleridge used the word Nature in a way which roused Coleridge

to exclaim, ‘Why do you say Nature, when you mean God?’ On Dr. Buckland answering, ‘I think it more reverent; but you think both words have the same meaning, do you not?’ Coleridge indignantly rejoined: ‘I think God and Nature the same! I think Nature is the devil in a strait-waistcoat.’¹

Then he told me a story of himself, how when he was walking in the street in Leamington he stopped to remonstrate with a costermonger, who was belabouring his donkey with all his might, whereupon the man replied with a quite plaintive appeal: ‘Why is he so stupid then?’

He gave a characteristic story from his friend Erskine of Linlathen, how a young man of dissolute life leapt into the sea in a storm to save a man who had fallen overboard; and when a minister of the Scottish Kirk asked him how he ventured to risk going with all his sins on his head into the presence of his Maker, he rejoined, ‘How could I have gone better into the presence of God than in the act of giving my life for that of a fellow man?’

He usually read something aloud of an evening, and no one could forget the deep tones of his voice, and the expression with which he

Gave to every power a double power
Above their functions and their offices.

I thus first made acquaintance with Southey’s ‘Roderick,’ ‘Kehama,’ and ‘Thalaba,’ and they have thus retained a place in my memory as fine poems which probably I might not else have given them. The highest form in which he showed this power of entering into and expressing the deepest meaning of what he read will be remembered by those who have heard him officiating in Church, when, as a lady once said to me long after his death, ‘He did not read the prayers, he prayed them.’

Each of the portraits prefixed to the volumes of his life by his son gives something of the character of the man. In that by Samuel Lawrence² his characteristic humility and depression are shown together with the intellectual brow and the gentle mouth.

¹ ‘Hell in harness’ was John Sterling’s still more expressive phrase.

² The trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, in their last (1896) report state their acceptance of what is, I suppose, his portrait, given by the late Mrs. Maurice, saying by way of explanation of their having added this to the other national portraits that the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice was ‘the well-known leader of the Broad Church Party!’ To be called a member, and still more the leader of a *Party*, and that party the *Broad Church Party*, would have been to Maurice the most detestable of all nicknames.

In the other portrait, that by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, we have the same brow and mouth lighted up by an expression of courage which might be almost called defiant if it were not so sweet as well as resolute. The piercing eyes look through us, and then beyond us, into a far-off world; and again, the sweetness of the lips turns into a humorous smile of amusement, which would otherwise have shown some scorn in the unavoidable sense of intellectual superiority to every opponent. And over and above all is that expression of feminine purity of thought and life which stamps the portraits, as it did their original, and which is seen in many of the portraits of holy men of old, an expression which sums up the character in the one word—sanctity.

Maurice had a fascinating charm of manner against which only the *odium theologicum* was proof; and that odium he held it his calling to defy and even provoke. But it was always in God's cause, not in his own, that he fought. Though he can hardly have been unconscious of his power, he had none of that vanity which made the French orator boast that if his opponent were in the right he baffled, if in the wrong he crushed, him. Yet he could hit very hard. I used in after days to tell him that his story of the donkey-driver was a parable representing himself while he belaboured his opponents, pathetically exclaiming, 'Why is he so stupid then?' I remember how when attempting in a luckless moment to learn more clearly Maurice's explanation of 'Justification by Faith,' I quoted that of Professor Jowett. Maurice, not perhaps quite apprehending the honesty of the motive, broke into a torrent of indignation, in which his interlocutor never succeeded in interposing more than a 'but' or an 'if.' A more important instance of a vehement outburst of fiery indignation is described in General Maurice's account of one of the meetings of clergy and laymen at Mr. Kempe's Rectory.¹ Those who saw and heard him on that day will have known how a prophet looked and spoke.

All important as were the theological controversies in which Maurice was engaged throughout his life, and great as was the work which he did in leading us through these controversies into the clear light, I will not assert that he was always in the right in all his conclusions, though I do believe him to have been so in all the principles from which they were drawn. No one was more ready than he himself was to admit, or rather assert, this. His love of the great institutions of the Church and the nation, and

¹ *Life, &c.*, vol. ii. ch. xiv.

of the history of their growth, by which were to be seen the laws and methods of God's government of the world, disposed him to be conservative, yet he never for a moment doubted that progress was as essential as permanence to the life of institutions. The Golden Book was never to be closed for him. And we find him again and again confessing that the actual way in which this or that institution was going forward was not that which he had expected and advocated. While he always maintained that the idea and principles of 'Subscription no Bondage' were the true ones, he frankly admitted that it was a bondage which had taken permanent possession of men's minds, and that the remedy for a great practical evil was to be found, not in a better and truer understanding of subscription, but by abolishing it. In the earlier days of our acquaintance I once asked him whether it was possible to justify the maintenance of the Anglo-Irish Church in Ireland, and he replied, 'Give us a little time.' He meant that there were signs of a revival of spiritual life in that branch of the reformed Catholic Church which he expected to see supersede the Romish and the Presbyterian schisms, while retaining all that was true in them. Yet when at the end of twenty years or more there was still no prospect of any such change, he was found among the convinced supporters of Mr. Gladstone's plans for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. He wrote and lectured in hearty sympathy with the movement for organising a scheme of national education by Church diocesan boards and normal colleges, a scheme of which Gilbert Mathison¹ was the mainspring both as to organisation and the providing of funds. Yet he was not the less ready to support the bill of Mr. Forster, which might have seemed to demand the giving up of many of his most cherished convictions and hopes on this subject.

As it is my present purpose to write down any reminiscences which seem characteristic of the man, however trivial in themselves, I will add some connected with the Crimean War. Like the great majority of his countrymen, Maurice hailed the opening of that war as a noble undertaking in the cause of national righteousness. I remember his saying to me that only the Spirit of God could have prompted and enabled the people of England to go to war for Turkey. And when the account came of the

¹ I have the highest authority for this statement as to Mr. Mathison, though Dean Gregory (strange to say) does not mention his name in his book on *Elementary Education*.

Balaclava charge, he repeated his belief that it was the Spirit of God which gave our soldiers the courage needed for that charge. But next year, when I was staying with him in his house in Russell Square, a visitor came in, and, the talk turning on the war and the Balaclava charge, the visitor said that one of the officers who led the charge had told him that as the men rode into and out of the Russian battery the cursing and swearing were awful. Maurice did not quote Uncle Toby, but with that gentle, sad earnestness, and slight though eager movement of the fingers, which were always so pathetic, said 'I am afraid there were many things in that war other than we thought of.' Again, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which Maurice threw himself into the organisation and advancing of the schemes of Christian Socialism which were to substitute co-operation for competition, and deliver us from the evils which Mr. Mahew had given so terrible an account of in the 'Daily News.' But the time came in which he said to me that the real and practical outcome of it all was the Working Men's College.

In his controversy with Bishop Colenso I thought him hardly quite fair, though the difficulty with which he was prevailed on not to give up his modest preferment lest there should be any suspicion of self-interested motives showed his high-minded honesty in the matter. Though, like other men of strong intellect, he possessed great power of critical analysis, he much preferred the synthetic method. He loved to soar with eagle's wings, and with the eagle's eyes to look down on wide-spread scenes of hill and river, city and cultivated field, and, with all his regard for facts and advocacy of their importance, he was not always quite willing to descend to some little spot of earth and there to examine them in patient detail. If I remember rightly, Bishop Colenso did not abandon at all the Christian faith that the Bible is the revelation of God to man, but only asserted that it had a human element which required human criticism to aid in its proper understanding, just as the language in which it was written required to be read by the help of grammars and dictionaries. Maurice had no sympathy with the orthodoxy which denied the duty or even the right of such criticism; he once said to me, 'If Christianity were not true, I should hate it.' And I never knew him to refuse to discuss with me these questions of criticism which so stirred his indignation when published by Colenso. Later researches are every day showing how often this so-called 'higher

'criticism' is only the substitution of fancies and fictions for the old facts, and so far Maurice was in the right. He knew that the Bible was worth defending ; he had to kindle a great fire, to burn up all sorts of rubbish, old and new, which had been heaped round it, and if there was sometimes a little smoke, we know that smoke is but the too eager impatience of the fire to convert itself into flame.

When Maurice said to me that if Christianity were not true he should hate it, his words, like his whole life, implied the converse that Christianity was true, and that therefore he loved it. And if he had been further asked what he meant by Christianity, he would have answered by rehearsing the Apostles' Creed ; and he would have quoted the Catechism in the Prayer Book in proof that in this and not in the Thirty-Nine Articles was to be found the declaration of faith of a Christian man, woman, and child. He believed that he was sent into the world to bear witness to the truth of this faith in the form in which such witness was needed in our own day. How and with what success he did bear this witness will be better seen and understood in another generation than it can yet be, but I will attempt to say what seems to me to be suggested by my own reminiscences of the man.

Maurice always spoke of Coleridge with the respect and esteem due to one whom he held to be the great teacher of his generation ; but he was no servile follower, nor did he care much for Coleridge's favourite formulas of Thesis and Antithesis, Reason and Understanding, and the like. While fully recognising the worth of Coleridge's ideas, he used to say that it was required of our own generation to look at and investigate facts, where Coleridge had dealt only with ideas. To study and help others to study facts in the light of ideas was the business of Maurice's life. It was hard work to lead men into a region of thought hitherto unknown to them. He once said to me, in a tone that made me feel that he was conscious of a like thought for himself, that it was not given to Coleridge to beget spiritual children in his own image. And that thought will be found in more than one of his letters where he says that nothing had disappointed him more than the finding himself to be utterly misunderstood by those whom he had expected to be most ready to hear him with sympathy and approval. And then he added (I give his meaning, if not his exact words) that he would be content if he could sow in the hearts of three or four seed which would grow up and multiply for coming

generations. It was in this spirit that he once said to me that a man did himself more honour by writing a book, like those of Clarendon or Gibbon—I think these were his instances—but that in our generation, at least, a more useful work for the service of men was to be done by taking part in the controversies of the day. I believe that his genius over-mastered him in this matter, and that his ‘Kingdom of Christ’ and ‘History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy’ will always hold a place among the standard works of our English literature; but, as I have already said, the greater part of his life was spent in those controversies of the day, of which the real importance was in the seed which was sown by their means, to grow up and multiply for the future harvests after the controversies themselves had been long forgotten. Maurice was content that it should be so. His prayer was always that of Ajax—that he might fall fighting in and for the light. To know and declare the truth in all that concerned the higher life of man was the work which he did faithfully. He faced and laid, and taught others how to face and lay, those spectres of the mind which continually beset the path of every man who makes truth and reason, and not authority, however sacred, the guide of his life. He would not make his judgments blind—though, like other Christian men, he knew that there was a blind obedience which freed the mind from many doubts and difficulties. Though he admitted that the love of Truth for its own sake had, or seemed to have, a coldness when compared with the love of Goodness—he believed that Truth was the higher object of man’s faith, and that he could not love Goodness so much if he did not love Truth more. But this was not all. Maurice was a philosopher, a lover of truth, and a seeker after it in all its relations with human life which we call wisdom, but he taught that Truth was revealed from above as well as sought after from below; and that this Truth was to be found, not in abstractions or ideas, but in the very being of God in His relations with man. It is the revelation of a Light which is the life of every man, and made known to us through the institutions of the family, the nation, and the Church, and in the ultimate fact of the personal relation to God. This is the Fatherhood of God, the belief in which is the faith which Maurice held, and taught to all who would hear him. It is the Fatherhood of the All-perfect Being, infinite in wisdom, love, and power. His ways are indeed past finding out; but this because they transcend, not because they

come short of, our finite ideals: not a God made and re-made, age after age, in the image of the man of that age, and with the passions and other imperfections and shortcomings which belong to even the best men of the age. The distinction and the difference are real, though there is an element of indefiniteness when they pass from one to another. The life of nature is a reality, though we know not where it begins nor where it ends. When Dr. Pusey declared that he and Maurice did not worship the same God, I suppose he meant he was content to worship the God whose attributes and laws had been set forth by the traditions of the Church and its interpretation of Scripture; while Maurice would have said that he would not hear an angel from Heaven who should tell him of a God morally inferior to whatever a man might conceive of.

There are men who believe, and show their belief in their lives, that we need no help from a Higher Power to enable us to walk in the ways of morality, virtue, and duty; and there are others who are conscious that they need something more than this natural virtue, but yet cannot find it, nor see any possibility of finding it, in these orthodox teachings of which I have just spoken. It is with these that the future progress of the world lies. It is not by the evidence of a Plato or an Erasmus, but of a Paul and a Luther, that we are where we are. In every age and generation there have been men called to carry forward the work of these last named; and Maurice was, and is, such a leader and teacher for his own and our time. Maurice addresses those who know and feel that the demand of their spirit is for a faith in a personal God which shall satisfy their reason and their heart, and lead them into light and life together. Time will show how, and how far, he has been doing that work to which he was called.

EDWARD STRACHEY.

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

February 1st.—

February fill-dyke
With black and white

runs the rhyme, if it can be called a rhyme. It does not say that the dykes need be filled with both black and white on the first day of the month ; but that is what has happened. We had a steady fall of snow the greater part of the night, and all day it has rained as steadily. I omitted to note at the beginning of last month, when we visited Barchester, that we had from my aunt less praise than usual of her own bishop, and I learned the reason from one of the canons' wives. The wave of Socialism had at last mounted to the Palace, which had been giving a number of dances to domestic servants, but none to the young people of the Close, who were a little indignant, but not so indignant as the servants in each household who had been passed over. They had clubbed together and hired the Assembly Rooms for a Twelfth-Night ball, and every house in Barchester was divided as to the policy of letting their servants go. What if a respectably dressed burglar should get introduced to Caroline and learn all about the customs of the house, where the safe is, whether our diamonds only pretend to be paste, whether we dine off gold or electro-plate ? In the first part of each day, as I heard, fathers of families were resolute against yielding to any such absurdity, but dinner brought more serious thoughts. If cook should give notice ! To lose a girl who could make soup like this ! Was not Henri IV. politic who thought a kingdom worth a mass ? After all, one might sit up oneself for a night to let the maids in, and get on with that Charge or that University sermon ; and then morning again would bring more sober reflection. Herodotus tells of a wise race who debated all important questions both night and morning to give both reason and passion their due. One feels they must have found it difficult to come to conclusions. But whether the ball was held, and whether, in consequence, the Barchester cooks and housemaids have all moved on one place like the guests at the Mad Hatter's tea-party, I have not heard.

*5th.—*It is still raining, and does not seem to know how to

stop, like crying children. All the ponds have overflowed, and in one or two places the roads have to be forded. It would take Mark Tapley to be cheerful under the circumstances, or Matthew Green ; but that last-named worthy seems to have visited his farm

Twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and his own,

only in fine weather; for on wet days his prescription for the spleen is—

To some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day.

We have a coffee-house, but the villagers prefer the tap-room at the ‘Blue Boar ;’ and the news there is not to-day’s manna. Happily we have newspapers, and Parliament is sitting, and between Sir William and Mr. Labouchere there is always some matter for mirth. The latter’s definition of a leader, at the dinner given him by the National Liberal Club, as a man of energy who does what he is told, must have been comforting to the former of these humorists. I suppose a born humorist must find some vent for his humour, and, as Mr. Labouchere has elected to be a serious journalist, he puts his fun into politics ; and no doubt the House is a good arena. But people who take politics seriously must be allowed to wonder how a man of parts can care to run the risk of misleading simple folks who think he means what he says. Mr. Labouchere has travelled, and no one who has travelled can be a ‘Little Englander.’ I know of a distinguished engineer in a northern county who is a Radical after the straitest sect of that faith, and, his business calling him to Egypt, he arranged to write a series of letters home to his newspaper ; but when he came to study the Egyptian question on the spot, being an honest man, he found his letters had to be written in the opposite sense, and his editor, being an honest man, accepted them in that sense. If it could be understood in country places that there were certain young men in the House who were expected to arise and play before it on occasion, such as Mr. Birrell and Mr. Bowles, we might enjoy their fun with less *arrière-pensée*. And Mr. Labouchere’s humour is all his own.

6th.—After reading the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s speech this morning, I can imagine him and Lord Salisbury surrounded by all the newspapers they could lay hands on, English and foreign, to see how it was taken, and being a little mortified that their bravery made no more stir. I suppose the simple fact is

that France is perfectly aware that she is behaving like a shrew, and as long as England tries coaxing she will continue to show herself as impracticable as possible and laugh at us for our pains. I wish the Foreign Minister would read a play by William Shakespeare called 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and take its lesson to heart. It seems incredible, but the 'Pall Mall Gazette' recorded the fact five years ago, that we gave up giving prizes in the Egyptian schools for proficiency in English because to do so hurt the susceptibilities of France ; and when last I was in Egypt, the prizes which had been already won were still stacked in the Education Department because we were too polite to distribute them. But does the hen who pecks her protector give him credit for his polite toleration ?

8th.—The glass is going up at a great pace, but the wind has shifted from N.W. to S. I went to look at the lambs, and the old shepherd, who has a whole meteorological department in his head, shook it at the weather. 'We shall have a fall 'fore this time to-morrow.' Aristotle bids us respect the opinions of the aged, even when unaccompanied by reasons ; but their reasons are often very entertaining. So I pressed him : 'Gentle shepherd, tell me why.' 'Well,' said he, 'did ye see the moon last night lying on his back ? I know'd he meant summat by that ; he means a fall 'fore this time to-morrow, snow or rain however.'

14th.—

Saint Valentines day,
When every fowl cometh to choose his mate.

And for once the day is worthy the occasion. One tastes in the air the first freshness of Spring, and there rise in the memory forgotten scraps of the early poets, who seem somehow to have found the world fresher than we find it to-day ; though even Chaucer complains that everything was used up. A few birds have been told off, as in *The Assembly of Foules*, to sing the canticle of Nature :—

Now welcome summer with thy sunnë softë
That hast this winter weather overshaken.

I hope it may not prove a premature flourish. The unusual depression of this winter is signalised by the fact that our rooks, for the first time I can remember, made no attempt to build at Christmas.

The vicar is away to-day preaching at Cambridge before his University. Dr. Merry (*vero quem nomine dicunt*) has de-

scribed the country parson's experience on such occasions at Oxford in a very humorous poem printed in 'More Echoes from the Oxford Magazine ;' and I suppose it is much the same at Cambridge. Meanwhile, we poor silly sheep are left 'encombred in the myre' at the tender mercies of a 'mercenarie.' I must own I felt some curiosity as to whether the vicar would discover some new brand of *locum tenentes*; his predecessor's substitutes I used to suffer gladly, until he fell ill and they came too often. There was the gentleman who compared the Cross to a lightning-conductor, and recommended us to embrace it; there was another who preached from Jude on the contest for the body of Moses, and speculated in a very entertaining manner on the purpose for which Satan required it; and there was a third who made a substantial discourse of St. Peter's shadow, pointing out, first, that it was an *every-day* shadow, so that we ought never to despise the commonplace; secondly, that it was an *unemployed* shadow, and everything should have a use; with a whole hydra of heads besides which I have forgotten. The young gentleman to-day was of a more modern school, a sort of Anglican dervish, who pirouetted in the pulpit and occasionally nearly shut himself up like a clasp-knife. What impressed me most was his personification of Septuagesima, in this way: 'Septuagesima comes to us, and lays a hand on our shoulder and insists with us, and is urgent and shrill and vehement, and intercedes and coaxes and persuades. She besets us and inveigles and adjures and implores,' &c. He had, too, a disagreeable trick of emphasising *not* against all idiom, in the Commandments, e.g. 'Thou shalt *not* steal,' as if we had said we should; and again in the Second Collect at Evening Prayer, 'which the world cannot give.' Of course, the English negative is enclitic; the very form *cannot* proves this, as do such contractions as *doesn't*, *shouldn't*, *can't*, &c. To emphasise *not*, except in an antithesis, is to commit a vulgar error; or rather it isn't, for ordinary folks would not dream of doing so: it is to fall a victim to that disease of pedants which the wise old physician of Norwich entitled *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*. I have long wondered where *locum tenentes* are bred, for they are a distinct species of parson; the ordinary sort, one knows, hails from Oxford or Cambridge, and I remember hearing that a friend's gardener once gave as his reason for not going to church, 'I've lived in Oxford, where the parsons are made, and I don't think much of 'em.' A catalogue from a Birmingham curiosity dealer

this morning may throw some light on the problem, for an entry runs :—

CLERGYMEN.—A fine collection of 200 clergymen, consisting of Protestant Ministers, Roman Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists, Unitarians, and Presbyterians, nice clean lot, 5s.

That sounds almost too cheap, even in this depressed state of the market. Perhaps it is a misprint for 5*l.* 5*s.*

17*th.*—Second reading of the Education Bill carried. After reading the debate, I subscribe to the judgment of the Rev. Dr. Opimian: ‘If all the nonsense which has been talked on all other subjects were thrown into one scale, and all that has been talked on the subject of education alone were thrown into the other, I think the latter would preponderate’ (*Gryll Grange*, 1st ed., p. 169). The new copper coins are finding their way into our village. The figure of Britannia on the penny is doubtless better proportioned than her predecessor, but hardly makes the same gigantic impression. And what has become of the ship and the lighthouse? Does Britannia no longer rule the waves?

20*th.*—A long letter came this morning from Eugenia, who has reached Cairo, to her mother, from which I have leave to transcribe a few of the more general passages :—

All the family met us in the hall and welcomed us most heartily. They are most charming and delightful people, and they talk very good English, with plenty of idioms to make us feel at home, such as ‘the weather is briskish, rather queerish for Cairo.’ The house is large, and we have a suite of rooms to ourselves, including a bath-room. The decorations are mostly Eastern, except a stuffed cotton cat which sits on the back of the sofa. The children of the house talk Arabic, French, Greek, German, and English, as occasion requires. At present I feel like a person in the Arabian Nights; the servants are Afreets, and we clap our hands for them to appear. The Major-domo waits at dinner in white gloves, after first holding a magnificent basin and ewer for the Pasha to wash his hands; and the things to eat are kabobs and pilafs, and that sort of thing. Of course to break the spell we have only to go to tea on Shepheard’s balcony on Saturday afternoon, when the English band plays. That is pure West, even transatlantic, as the other is pure East, but they are curiously mingled everywhere else: electric tramways and camels, bicycles and donkey-boys, American heiresses and black bundles with two eyes near the top. We see Aladdin playing with his little friends,

and hopeless-looking bronze babies sitting astride on one shoulder of their mothers, holding by the top of their head. It used to be the fashion to let them tumble, so as to disable them for military service, until we took over the army.¹ The colours are very fine, such blues and yellows, as little like the washed-out 'art dyes' of Tottenham Court Road as possible; but the dirt beggars description, and the smells are overdone. There is occasionally a spicy, peppery, Eastern smell that is rather good, but some are pure typhus. Of the sights, I think I like the Sphinx best, then the running sais, then the camels, then the donkey-boys; and, of course, the *Barrage* is very wonderful. I will copy a few days from my diary.

Tuesday.—The Pasha took us to the big mosque, El Azhar, which is a university, the oldest in the world. There are about 8,000 students, and they do much the same work as when the university was founded. Each professor sits by his own column (the professorships are called columns instead of chairs) and addresses his class in a sing-song. Last year, in the cholera times, the students resisted the sanitary orders of the police, and some were shot. After lunch we went on an expedition to old Cairo with Mr. X—, in an electric tramcar full of natives. The *prix fixe* is a great mystery to them, as it is also on the railway, where they lose their tempers and sometimes their trains because the clerk will not bargain. There was a disturbance at one point because the guard gave a man rather less change than his due; one of the company said, 'This guard is often short of farthings; it is a case for the police.' Of course Mr. X— was our interpreter; it is so much more amusing going about with him than with a dragoman, as he tells us what the people say. We saw, amongst other things, a Coptic church, full of beautiful inlaid work in ivory and mother-o'-pearl, and the mosque with 360 pillars of marble and porphyry. The sacristan was a potter, so we went afterwards to see him at work. His pace was four pots in five minutes. On the way back something went wrong with the electrical communication; a cord caught in one of the wires, so the guard stood on the roof and poked it with a piece of sugar-cane.

Friday.—Dervishes—we saw both the dancing ones and then the howling ones. Crowds of people, mostly tourists, were looking

¹ I think Eugenia is mistaken about this; no doubt mothers occasionally let their babies fall, but to disable them for service they used to maim the trigger finger.

on, and it was difficult to think of it as a religious service. The dancers were just like the pictures one sees ; the howlers were more dreadful, as every trace of intelligence went out of their faces as they rocked themselves backwards and forwards, grunting '*La illâha il Allah.*' At Rhoda Island, where we went to see the ancient Nilometer, a little boy, who showed us the precise spot where Moses was found amongst the bulrushes, amused us by giving his own age as two days old. When we showed surprise, he raised it to three days. We suggested years, but he said it was all the same. And so it is in Egypt, at least as far as monuments and institutions are concerned. The Greek nurse went out to buy us some *helvas* (I think that is the word), a somewhat greasy sweetmeat made of butter and sugar in the shape of a Cheshire cheese, and the boy in the shop asking how he should cut it, his father replied with a frown, 'As if you were cutting off the head of a Christian.' This shows how high feeling runs. I wonder what people who talk about 'Egypt for the Egyptians' really mean ! Who are the Egyptians—the Turks, or the Armenians, or the Greeks, or the Arabs, or the Copts ?

We dined with the —— at the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, a beautiful palace built by Ismail for the Empress Eugénie when she came to the opening of the Suez Canal, and in which she slept one night. At another table we saw the most interesting sight we have seen yet, Slatin Pacha. Afterwards we looked on at the 'Petits Chevaux' in the Casino ; no one may *stake* more than two shillings at a time, but you may *bet* what you please.

Wednesday.—Lady Cromer's ball, which I am told is the biggest thing in the year. The dancing-room was very full, so I only danced once, and came away very virtuously, like Cinderella, at twelve o'clock. The next event of importance is the Khedive's ball. It is usual for each Consul-General to send in a list of suitable visitors to the Khedive's Secretary. The American list this year was returned with the remark that the Khedive invited only the nobility, to which the Consul replied that all Americans were 'kings in their own right,' and, when no notice was taken, returned his own card. The end of the story is that they have all got their invitations—'*tout Shepheard.*'

Saturday.—At the opera to-night we saw *Lohengrin* ; the choruses were not good, and there was some hissing. The fairy hero was as fat as a pig, and as he arrived in a boat drawn by one

swan, we felt it was a case for the S.P.C.A. The heroine was no thinner, and, when they attempted to embrace, the effect was magical. One of our party remarked that it was not given to everyone to be funny without being vulgar, like Mr. Beerbohm Tree in *Hamlet*. I must not forget the flower-show. It looked very odd to see our English flowers exhibited as great rarities; some fat red daisies got a prize. The chrysanthemums would have wrung a grim smile from Uncle Tom's old Isaac: they were leaner than those we have in the open air. I noticed some stocks labelled 'wall-flowers.' The roses and mignonette were magnificent, and so were the peas and strawberries.

This morning I went to the bazaars with an American lady who wanted to buy some Zouave jackets. She made a very good bargain with the man, and he said, ' You want to buy a camel, an elephant, and you offer me a monkey, a sparrow ;' finally, he took 4*l.* instead of the 7*l.* 10*s.* he had asked at first. What I like about shopping is the *backsheesh*. If you buy 100 cigarettes, they give you one to smoke on the spot. Did it ever strike you that of the ' Thousand and one Nights,' the odd one was *backsheesh*? To night there was a performance of *Our Boys* by English amateurs for the Armenian fund. Of course not a single Turk was present, but the house was quite full. You must excuse the disconnectedness of this letter, as I have been obeying father's commands to keep a diary. I fear it is not a very full one; in fact the spirit of the Nile has quite possessed me, and I have adopted for a motto temporarily the word one hears forty times a day, ' Mallesch,' which means literally ' Nothing on it,' and practically ' Never mind.' I am sure the Pyramids have lasted so long because they do not worry. I know, so far, about fifty Arabic words altogether, most of them learnt while driving; for the coachman shouts all the time, ' To the right; to the left; open your eye, O woman; listen, my uncle; mind your legs, O lady,' and the people follow his instructions without looking round.

27th.—The Rhodes Commission is beautifully hit off by Mr. Sam-bourne in this week's *Punch* in a cartoon representing a palaver between the great hero and a circle of squatting chiefs. Mr. Labouchere's cross-examination was so elaborately pointless that even our country bumpkins are beginning to rub their eyes. I came upon a passage a few days ago in Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (book iv.) describing the ' happy warrior,' which, though not amus-

ing in itself—for Gower inherited none of his master's literary gifts—has a footnote that made me smile :—

He may not then himselfe spare
Upon his travail for to serve
(Wherof that he may thank deserve)
Where as these men of armes be
Sometime over the grete sea,
And makē many hasty rodes.

and the note remarks, ‘rodes=raids.’

Reading a diary is not perhaps quite so interesting as writing one, but it has an interest, especially if the writer is somebody or has known somebodies. Sir M. E. Grant Duff has both qualifications, and culture enough besides to save the whole upper class from falling, as Matthew Arnold contended it had fallen, below the average of its last century equipment. But leaving the culture aside, the volumes, considered simply as a collection of *ana*, have repaid turning over. I could wish, as a patriot, that fewer of the good things were French and more of them English. Witty Britons cross the stage but keep their wit to themselves. Jowett is always coming in, but does nothing more to the purpose than look for a prayer-book. Henry Smith makes one pun; Mat. Arnold, whose reputation for *esprit* very badly wants refurbishing after the publication of his domestic correspondence, does not open his mouth; Bowen has one rather pointless sneer at the clergy. Of course, if people have not been witty in our presence, we cannot record their *bons mots*; perhaps in the next twenty years, for this instalment of the diary stops at 1872, their shyness will have worn off. Peacock behaves better; a story that I don't remember having seen before is told of a remark of his to James Mill, who had reported that an unfreezeable oil had exuded from Jeremy Bentham's head, which Mill suggested [query seriously] would be useful for oiling chronometers going into high latitudes. ‘The less you say about that, Mill,’ said Peacock, ‘the better it will be for *you*; because if the fact once becomes known, just as we see now in the newspapers advertisements to the effect that a fine bear is to be killed for his grease, we shall be having advertisements to the effect that a fine philosopher is to be killed for his oil’ (i. 60). From the betting-book at Brooks’s the following extract is made:—‘In 1778 Mr. Fox gave Mr. Shirley ten guineas on the understanding that he was to receive five hundred whenever Turkey in Europe belonged to a European Power or Powers’ (i. 87).

From 'old Lord Monteagle' the diarist learned in 1862 that Canning's celebrated 'I called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old,' was as nearly as possible a *fiasco*. A titter was just beginning when a cheer burst forth and drowned it (i. 185).

Here, again, is a good saying of Cardinal Wiseman's: 'The church is like a painted window; you cannot see it till you get inside' (ii. 145). There are two capital dreams in the book. The famous one of Wilkes, who dreamed he was dining at an inn the other side of Styx with Lord Sandwich, who grumbled to the inn-keeper that the champagne was not iced, and was answered sadly, 'No ice here, no ice here;' while, at the word, little blue flames curled up through the table like spring flowers (i. 226); and one I had not seen, or had forgotten, told to Dickens, of the United States President who met his council with the remark, 'Gentlemen, in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence,' he having had a certain dream which always heralded some great disaster. In this case the disaster was Lincoln's assassination (ii. 143). Lord Roberts, in the first volume of his memoirs, tells how his father put off a dance because a dream that with him foreboded trouble had come three times; and was justified in his confidence by losing a relative. The only case within my own experience of a dream's coming true happened to a friend who was giving a course of lectures in a Midland town. He dreamt for three nights running that when he arrived at the lecture hall he found he had forgotten his manuscript, took a hansom to return for it, the horse of which stumbled at a certain corner, could not find it, and had to deliver the lecture from memory; all which happened precisely as he had dreamed. And the accident had this lasting result—that, finding he succeeded better without a manuscript than with one, he has ever since abjured such artificial aids.

IN KEDAR'S TENTS!

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE SOWERS,' 'WITH EDGED TOOLS,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE CITY OF DISCONTENT.

'En paroles ou en actions, être discret, c'est s'abstenir.'

'THERE is,' observed Frederick Conyngham to himself as he climbed into the saddle in the grey dawn of the following morning, 'there is a certain picturesqueness about these proceedings which pleases me.'

Concepcion Vara indeed supplied a portion of this romantic atmosphere, for he was dressed in the height of contrabandista fashion, with a bright-coloured handkerchief folded round his head underneath his black hat, a scarlet waistcloth, a spotless shirt, and a flower in the ribbon of his hat.

He was dignified and leisurely, but so far forgot himself as to sing as he threw his leg across his horse. A dark-eyed maiden had come to the corner of the Calle Vieja, and stood there watching him with mournful eyes. He waved her a salutation as he passed.

'It is the waiting-maid at the venta where I stay in Ronda—what will you?' he explained to Conyngham with a modest air as he cocked his hat farther on one side.

The sun rose as they emerged from the narrow streets into the open country that borders the road to Bobadilla. A pastoral country this, where the land needs little care to make it give more than man requires for his daily food. The evergreen oak studded over the whole plain supplies food for countless pigs and shade where the herdsmen may dream away the sunny days. The rich soil would yield two or even three crops in the year, were the necessary seed and labour forthcoming. Underground, the mineral wealth outvies the richness of the surface, but national indolence leaves it unexplored.

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'Before General Vincente one could not explain oneself,' said Concepcion, urging his horse to keep pace with the trot of Conyngham's huge mount.

'Ah!'

'No,' pursued Concepcion. 'And yet it is simple. In Algeciras I have a wife. It is well that a man should travel at times. So,' he paused and bowed towards his companion with a gesture of infinite condescension, 'so—we take the road together.'

'As long as you are pleased, Señor Vara,' said Conyngham, 'I am sure I can but feel honoured. You know I have no money.'

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders.

'What matter?' he said. 'What matter? We can keep an account—a mere piece of paper—so: "Concepcion Vara, of Algeciras, in account current with F. Conyngham, Englishman. One month's wages at one hundred pesetas." It is simple.'

'Very,' acquiesced Conyngham. 'It is only when pay-day comes that things will get complicated.'

Concepcion laughed.

'You are a caballero after my own heart,' he said. 'We shall enjoy ourselves in Madrid. I see that.'

Conyngham did not answer. He had remembered the letter and Julia Barenna's danger. He rose in his stirrups and looked behind him. Ronda was already hidden by intervening hills, and the bare line of the roadway was unbroken by the form of any other traveller.

'We are not going to Madrid yet,' said Conyngham. 'We are going to Xeres, where I have business. Do you know the road to Xeres?'

'As well that as any other, Excellency.'

'What do you mean?'

'I know no roads north of Ronda. I am of Andalusia, I,' replied Concepcion easily, and he looked round about him with an air of interest which was more to the credit of his intelligence as a traveller than his reliability as a guide.

'But you engaged to guide me to Madrid.'

'Yes, Excellency—by asking the way,' replied Concepcion with a light laugh, and he struck a sulphur match on the neck of his horse to light a fresh cigarette.

Thus with an easy heart Frederick Conyngham set out on his journey, having for companion one as irresponsible as himself. He had determined to go to Xeres, though that town of ill repute

lay far to the westward of his road towards the capital. It would have been simple enough to destroy the letter entrusted to him by Julia Barenna, a stranger whom he was likely never to see again—simple enough and infinitely safer as he suspected, for the billet doux of Mr. Larralde smelt of grimmer things than love. But Julia Barenna, wittingly, or in all innocence, appealed to that sense of chivalry which is essentially the quality of lonely men who have never had sisters, and Conyngham was ready to help Julia where he would have refused his assistance to a man, however hard pressed.

'Cannot leave the girl in a hole,' he said to himself, and proceeded to act upon this resolution with a steadiness of purpose for which some may blame him.

It was evening when the two travellers reached Xeres after some weary hours of monotonous progress through the vine-clad plains of this country.

'It is no wonder,' said Concepcion, 'that the men of Xeres are malcontents, when they live in a country as flat as the palm of my hand.'

It happened to be a fête day, which in Spain, as in other countries farther North, is synonymous with mischief. The men of Xeres had taken advantage of this holiday to demonstrate their desire for more. They had marched through the streets with banner and song, arrayed in their best clothes, fostering their worst thoughts. They had consumed marvellous quantities of that small Amontillado which is as it were a thin fire to the blood, heating and degenerating at once. They had talked much nonsense and listened to more. Carlist or Christino—it was all the same to them, so long as they had a change of some sort. In the meantime they had a desire to break something, if only to assert their liberty.

A few minutes before Conyngham and his guide rode into the market-place, which in Xeres is as long as a street, some of the free sons of Spain had thought fit to shout insulting remarks to a passer-by. With a fire too bright for his years this old gentleman, with fierce white moustache and imperial, had turned on them, calling them good-for-nothings and sons of pigs.

Conyngham rode up just in time to see the ruffians rise as one man and rush at the victim of their humour. The old man with his back to the wall repelled his assailants with a sort of fierce joy in his attitude which betokened the soldier,

'Come on, Concepcion!' cried Conyngham, with a dig of the spurs that made his tired horse leap into the air. He charged down upon the gathering crowd, which scattered right and left before the wild onslaught. But he saw the flash of steel, and knew that it was too late. The old man, with an oath and a gasp of pain, sank against the wall with the blood trickling through the fingers clasped against his breast. Conyngham would have reined in, but Concepcion on his heels gave the charger a cut with his heavy whip that made him bound forward and would have unseated a short-stirruped rider.

'Go on,' cried the Spaniard; 'it is no business of ours. The police are behind.'

And Conyngham, remembering the letter in his pocket, rode on without looking back. In the day of which the present narrative treats, the streets of Xeres were but ill paved, and the dust lay on them to the depth of many inches, serving to deaden the sound of footsteps and facilitate the commission of such deeds of violence as were at this time of daily occurrence in Spain. Riding on at random Conyngham and his companion soon lost their way in the narrow streets, and were able to satisfy themselves that none had followed them. Here in a quiet alley Conyngham read again the address of the letter of which he earnestly desired to rid himself without more ado.

It was addressed to Colonel Monreal at No. 84 Plaza de Cadiz.

'Let his Excellency stay here and drink a glass of wine at this venta,' said Concepcion. 'Alone, I shall be able to get information without attracting attention. And then, in the name of the saints, let us shake the dust of Xeres off our feet. The first thing we see is steel, and I do not like it. I have a wife in Algeciras to whom I am much attached, and I am afraid—yes, afraid. A gentleman need never hesitate to say so.'

He shook his head forebodingly as he loosened his girths and called for water for the horses.

'I could eat a cocida,' he went on, sniffing the odours of a neighbouring kitchen, 'with plenty of onions and the mutton as becomes the springtime—young and tender. Dios! this quick travelling and an empty stomach, it kills one.'

'When I have delivered my letter,' replied Conyngham, 'we shall eat with a lighter heart.'

Concepcion went away in a pessimistic humour. He was one

of those men who are brave enough on good wine and victuals, but lack the stamina to fight when hungry. He returned presently with the required information. The Plaza de Cadiz was, it appeared, quite close. Indeed, the town of Xeres is not large, though the intricacies of its narrow streets may well puzzle a new comer. No. 84 was the house of the barber, and on his first floor lived Colonel Montreal, a retired veteran who had fought with the English against Napoleon's armies.

During his servant's absence, Conyngham had written a short note in French, conveying, in terms which she would understand, the news that Julia Barenna doubtless awaited with impatience; namely, that her letter had been delivered to him whose address it bore.

'I have ordered your cocida and some good wine,' he said to Concepcion. 'Your horse is feeding. Make good use of your time, for when I return I shall want you to take the road again at once. You must make ten miles before you sleep to-night, and then an early start in the morning.'

'For where, señor?'

'For Ronda.'

Concepcion shrugged his shoulders. His life had been spent upon the road, his wardrobe since childhood had been contained in a saddle-bag, and Spaniards, above all people, have the curse of Ishmael. They are a homeless race, and lay them down to sleep, when fatigue overtakes them, under a tree or in the shade of a stone wall. It often happens that a worker in the fields will content himself with the lee side of a haystack for his resting-place when his home is only a few hundred yards up the mountain side.

'And his Excellency?' inquired Concepcion.

'I shall sleep here to-night and proceed to Madrid to-morrow, by way of Cordova, where I will wait for you. I have a letter here which you must deliver to the Señorita Barenna at Ronda without the knowledge of anyone. It will be well that neither General Vincente nor any other who knows you should catch sight of you in the streets of Ronda.'

Concepcion nodded his head with much philosophy.

'Ah! these women,' he said, turning to the steaming dish of mutton and vegetables which is almost universal in the South, 'these women, what shoe leather they cost us!'

Leaving his servant thus profitably employed, Conyngham

set out to find the barber's shop in the Plaza de Cadiz. This he did without difficulty, but on presenting himself at the door of Colonel Monreal's apartment learnt that that gentleman was out.

'But,' added the servant, 'the Colonel is a man of regular habits. He will return within the next fifteen minutes, for he dines at five.'

Conyngham paused. He had no desire to make Colonel Monreal's acquaintance, indeed preferred to remain without it, for he rightly judged that Señor Larralde was engaged in affairs best left alone.

'I have a letter for the Colonel,' he said to the servant, a man of stupid countenance. 'I will place it here upon his table, and can no doubt trust you to see that he gets it.'

'That you can, Excellency,' replied the man with a palm already half extended to receive a gratuity.

'If the Colonel fails to receive the letter I shall certainly know of it,' said Conyngham, stumbling down the dark staircase, and well pleased to have accomplished his mission.

He returned with all speed to the inn in the quiet alley where he had elected to pass the night, and found Concepcion still at table.

'In half an hour I take the road,' said the Spaniard. 'The time for a cup of coffee, and I am ready to ride all night.'

Having eaten, Concepcion was in a better frame of mind, and now cheerfully undertook to carry out his master's instructions. In little more than half an hour he was in the saddle again, and waved an airy adieu to Conyngham as he passed under the swinging oil lamp that hung at the corner of the street.

It was yet early in the evening, and Conyngham, having dined, set out to explore the streets of Xeres, which were quiet enough now, as the cafés were gayer and safer than the gloomy thoroughfares where a foe might lurk in every doorway. In the market place, between rows of booths and tents, a dense crowd walked backwards and forwards with that steady sense of promenading which the Spaniard understands above all other men. The dealers in coloured handkerchiefs from Barcelona or mantillas from Seville were driving a great trade, and the majority of them had long since shouted themselves hoarse. A few quack dentists were operating upon their victims under the friendly covert of a big drum and a bassoon. Dealers in wonderful drugs and herbs were

haranguing the crowd, easily gaining the attention of the simple peasants by handling a live snake or a crocodile which they allowed to crawl upon their shoulders.

Conyngham lingered in the crowd, which was orderly enough, and amused himself by noting the credulity of the country folk, until his attention was attracted by a solemn procession passing up the market-place behind the tents. He inquired of a bystander what this might be.

'It is the police carrying to his apartment the body of Colonel Monreal, who was murdered this afternoon in the Plaza Mayor,' was the answer.

Conyngham made his way between two tents to the deserted side of the market-place, and, running past the procession, reached the barber's shop before it. In answer to his summons a girl came to the door of the Colonel's apartment. She was weeping and moaning in great mental distress.

Without explanation Conyngham pushed past her into the room where he had deposited the letter. The room was in disorder, and no letter lay upon the table.

'It is,' sobbed the girl, 'my husband, who, having heard that the good Colonel had been murdered, stole all his valuables and papers and has run away from me.'

CHAPTER XI.

A TANGLED WEB.

'Wherein I am false, I am honest—not true to be true.'

'AND—would you believe it?—there are soldiers in the house at the very door of Julia's apartments.' Señora Barenná, who made this remark, heaved a sigh and sat back in her canework chair with that jerkiness of action which in elderly ladies usually betokens impatience with the ways of young people.

'Policemen—policemen, not soldiers,' corrected Father Concha patiently, as if it did not matter much. They were sitting in the broad vine-clad verandah of the Casa Barenná, that grim old house on the Bobadilla road, two miles from Ronda. The priest had walked thither, as the dust on his square-toed shoes and black stockings would testify. He had laid aside his mournful old hat, long since brown and discoloured, and was wiping his forehead

with a cheap pocket-handkerchief of colour and pattern rather loud for his station in life.

'Well, they have swords,' persisted the lady.

'Policemen,' said Father Concha, in a stern and final voice, which caused Señora Barennna to cast her eyes upwards with an air of resigned martyrdom.

'Ah, that Alcalde!' she whispered between her teeth.

'A little dog, when it is afraid, growls,' said Concha philosophically. 'The Alcalde is a very small dog, and he is at his wit's end. Such a thing has not occurred in Ronda before, and the Alcalde's world is Ronda. He does not know whether his office permits him to inspect young ladies' love letters or not.'

'Love letters!' ejaculated Señora Barennna. She evidently had a keen sense of the romantic, and hoped for something more tragic than a mere flirtation begotten of idleness at sea.

'Yes,' said Concha, crossing his legs and looking at his companion with a queer cynicism. 'Young people mostly pass that way.'

He had had a tragedy, this old man. One of those grim tragedies of the cassock which English people rarely understand. And his tragedy sat beside him on the cane chair, stout and eminently worldly, while he had journeyed on the road of life with all his illusions, all his half-fledged aspirations, untouched by the cold finger of reality. He despised the woman now, the contempt lurked in his cynical smile, but he clung with a half-mocking, open-eyed sarcasm to his memories.

'But,' he said reassuringly, 'Julia is a match for the Alcalde, you may rest assured of that.'

Señora Barennna turned with a gesture of her plump hand indicative of bewilderment.

'I do not understand her. She laughs at the soldiers—the policemen, I mean. She laughs at me. She laughs at everything.'

'Yes, it is the hollow hearts that make most noise in the world,' said Concha, folding his handkerchief upon his knee. He was deadly poor, and had a theory that a folded handkerchief remains longer clean. His whole existence was an effort to do without those things that make life worth living.

'Why did you send for me?' he asked.

'But to advise me—to help me. I have been, all my

life, cast upon the world alone. No one to help me—no one to understand. No one knows what I have suffered—my husband—'

'Was one of the best and most patient of mortals, and is assuredly in heaven, where I hope there are a few mansions reserved for men only.'

Señora Barenna fetched one of her deepest sighs. She had a few lurking in the depth of her capacious being, reserved for such occasions as this. It was, it seemed, no more than her life had led her to expect.

'You have had,' went on her spiritual adviser, 'a life of ease and luxury, a husband who denied you nothing. You have never lost a child by death, which I understand is—one of the greatest sorrows that God sends to women. You are an ungrateful female.'

Señora Barenna, whose face would have graced one of the very earliest of the martyrs, sat with folded hands waiting until the storm should pass.

'Do you wish me to see Julia?' asked Concha abruptly.

'Yes—yes! And persuade her to conciliate the Alcalde—to tell him some story or another. It does not surely matter if it be not the strict truth. Anything to get these men out of the house. My maid Maria is so flighty. Ah—these young people! What a trial—my dear Padre, what a trial!'

'Of course,' said Father Concha. 'But what a dull world it would be if our neighbour knew how to manage his own affairs! Shall we go to Julia?'

The perturbed lady preferred that the priest should see her daughter alone. A military-looking individual in white trousers and a dark green tunic stood guard over the door of Julia's apartment, seeking by his attitude and the curl of his moustache to magnify his office in the eyes of a maid who happened to have an unusual amount of cleaning to do in that particular corridor.

'Ah!' said Father Concha, by no means abashed by the sentinel's sword. 'Ah, it is you, Manuel. Your wife tells me you have objections to the christening of that last boy of yours, number five I think. Bring number five on Sunday, after vespers—eh? You understand—and a little something for the poor. It is pay day on Saturday. And no more nonsense about religion, Manuel, eh?'

He shook his lean finger in the official's face and walked on unchallenged.

'May I come in?' he said, tapping at the door; and Julia's voice bade him enter.

He closed the door behind him and laid aside his hat. Then he stood upright, and slowly rubbing his hands together looked at Julia with the humorous twinkle lurking in his eye and its companion dimple twitching in his lean cheek. Then he began to feel his pockets, passing his hands down his worn cassock.

'Let me see, I had a love letter—was it from Don Carlos? At all events, I have lost it!'

He laughed, made a perfunctory sign of the cross and gave her his blessing. Then, his face having become suddenly grave as if by machinery at the sound of the solemn Latin benediction, he sat down.

Julia looked worn and eager. Her eyes seemed to search his face for news.

'Yes, my dear child,' he said. 'Politics are all very well as a career. But without a distinct profit they are worth the attention of few men, and never worth the thought of a woman.'

He looked at her keenly, and she turned to the window, which was open to admit the breath of violets and other flowers of the spring. She shrugged her shoulders and gave a sharp sigh.

'See here, my child,' said Padre Concha abruptly. 'For reasons which concern no one, I take a great interest in your happiness. You resemble some one whose welfare was once more important to me than my own. That was long ago, and I now consider myself first, as all wise men should. I am your friend, Julia, and much too old to be over-scrupulous. I peep and pry into my neighbours' affairs, and I am uneasy about you, my child.'

He shook his head and drummed upon the table with his dirty fingers.

'Thank you,' answered the girl with her defiant little laugh, 'but I can manage my own affairs.'

The priest nodded reflectively.

'Yes,' he said. 'It is natural that you should say that. One of the chief blessings of youth is self-confidence. Heaven forbid that I should shake yours. But, you see, there are several people who happen to be anxious that this little affair should blow over

and be forgotten. The Alcalde is a mule, we know that, and anything that serves to magnify himself and his office is likely to be prolonged. Do not play into his hand. As I tell you there are some who wish to forget this incident, and one of them is coming to see you this afternoon.'

'Ah!' said the girl indifferently.

'General Vincente.'

Julia changed colour and her eyelids flickered for a moment as she looked out of the open window.

'A good friend,' continued Concha, 'but—'

He finished the phrase with an eloquent little gesture of the hand. At this moment they both heard the sound of an approaching carriage.

'He is coming now,' said Concha. 'He is driving, so Estella is with him.'

'Estella is of course jealous.'

The priest looked at her with a slow wise smile and said nothing.

'She——' began Julia, and then closed her lips—true to that *esprit de sexe* which has ruled through all the ages. Then Julia Bareyna gave a sharp sigh as her mind reverted from Estella's affairs to her own.

Sitting thus in silence, the two occupants of the quiet room heard the approach of steps and the clink of spurs in the corridor.

'It is the reverendo who visits the Señorita,' they heard the voice of the sentinel explain deprecatingly.

The priest rose and went to the door, which he opened.

'Only as a friend,' he said. 'Come in, General.'

General Vincente entered the room, followed by Estella. He nodded to Concha and kissed his niece affectionately.

'Still obdurate?' he said, with a semi-playful tap on her shoulder. 'Still obdurate? My dear Julia, in peace and war the greatest quality in the strong is mercy. You have proved yourself strong—you have worsted that unfortunate Alcalde—be merciful to him now, and let this incident finish.'

He drew forward a chair, the others being seated, and laid aside his gloves. The sword which he held upright between his knees, with his two hands resting on the hilt, looked incongruously large and reached the level of his eyes. He gave a little chuckling laugh.

'I saw him last night at the Café Real—the poor man had the air of a funeral, and took his wine as if it were sour. Ah, these civilians, they amuse one—they take life so seriously.'

He laughed and looked round at those assembled as if inviting them to join him in a gayer and easier view of existence. The Padre's furrowed face answered the summons in a sudden smile, but it was with grave eyes that he looked searchingly at the most powerful man in Andalusia; for General Vincente's word was law south of the Tagus.

The two men sat side by side in strong contrast. Fate indeed seems to shake men together in a bag, and cast them out upon the world heedless where they may fall; for here was a soldier in the priest's habit, and one carrying a sword who had the keen heart and sure sympathy for joy or sorrow that should ever be found within a black coat if the Master's work is to be well done.

General Vincente smiled at Estella with *sang-froid* and an unruffled good nature, while the Padre Concha, whose place it surely was to take the lead in such woman's work as this, slowly rubbed his bony hands together, at a loss and incompetent to meet the urgency of the moment.

'Our guest left us yesterday morning,' said the General, 'and of course the Alcalde placed no hindrance on his departure.'

He did not look at Julia, who drew a deep breath and glanced at Estella.

'I do not know if Señor Conyngham left any message for you with Estella—to me he said nothing,' continued Estella's father; and that young lady shook her head.

'No,' she put in composedly.

'Then it remains for us to close this foolish incident, my dear Julia; and for me to remind you, seeing that you are fatherless, that there are in Spain many adventurers who come here seeking the sport of love or war, who will ride away when they have had their fill of either.'

He ceased speaking with a tolerant laugh, as one who, being a soldier himself, would beg indulgence for the failings of his comrades, examined the hilt of his sword, and then looked blandly round on three faces which resolutely refused to class the absent Englishman in this category.

'It remains, my dear niece, to satisfy the Alcalde—a mere

glance at the letter—sufficient to satisfy him as to the nature of its contents.'

'I have no letter,' said Julia quietly with her level red lips set hard.

'Not in your possession, but perhaps concealed in some place near at hand—unless it is destroyed.'

'I have destroyed no letter, I have concealed no letter, and I have no letter,' said the girl quietly.

Estella moved uneasily in the chair. Her face was colourless and her eyes shone. She watched her cousin's face intently, and beneath his shaggy brows the old priest's eyes went from one fair countenance to the other.

'Then,' cried the General, rising to his feet with an air of relief, 'you have but to assure the Alcalde of this, and the whole incident is terminated. Blown over, my dear Concha—blown over!'

He tapped the priest on the shoulder with great good nature. Indeed, the world seemed sunny enough and free from cares when General Vincente had to deal with it.

'Yes—yes,' said the Padre, snuff-box in hand. 'Blown over—of course.'

'Then I may send the Alcalde to you, Julia—and you will tell him what you have told us? He cannot but take the word of a lady.'

'Yes—if you like,' answered Julia.

The General's joy knew no bounds.

'That is well,' he cried, 'I knew we could safely rely upon your good sense. Kiss me, Julia—that is well! Come, Estella—we must not keep the horses waiting.'

With a laugh and a nod he went towards the door.

'Blown over, my dear Concha,' he said over his shoulder.

A few minutes later the priest walked down the avenue of walnut trees alone. The bell was ringing for vespers, but the Padre was an autocratic shepherd and did not hurry towards his flock. The sun had set, and in the hollows of the distant mountains the shades of night already lay like a blue veil.

The priest walked on and presently reached the high road. A single figure was upon it—the figure of a man sitting in the shadow of an ilex tree half a mile up the road towards Bobadilla. The man crouched low against a heap of stones and had the air of a wanderer. His face was concealed in the folds of his cloak.

'Blown over,' muttered the Padre as he turned his back upon Bobadilla and went on towards his church. 'Blown over, of course; but what is Concepcion Vara doing in the neighbourhood of Ronda to-night?'

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE TOLEDO ROAD.

'Une bonne intention est une échelle trop courte.'

CONYNGHAM made his way without difficulty or incident from Xeres to Cordova, riding for the most part in front of the clumsy diligencia wherein he had bestowed his luggage. The road was wearisome enough, and the last stages, through the fertile plains bordering the Guadalquivir, dusty and monotonous.

At Cordova the traveller found comfortable quarters in an old inn overlooking the river. The ancient city was then, as it is now, a great military centre, and the head-quarters of the picturesque corps of horse-tamers, the 'Remonta,' who are responsible for the mounting of the cavalry and the artillery of Spain. Conyngham had, at the suggestion of General Vincente, made such small changes in his costume as would serve to allay curiosity and prevent that gossip of the stable and kitchen which may follow a traveller to his hurt from one side of a continent to the other.

'Wherever you may go learn your way in and out of every town, and you will thus store up knowledge most useful to a soldier,' the General had said in his easy way.

'See you,' Concepcion had observed, wagging his head over a cigarette, 'to go about the world with the eyes open is to conquer the world.'

From his guide moreover, whose methods were those that Nature teaches to men who live their daily lives in her company, Conyngham learnt much of that roadcraft which had raised Concepcion Vara to such a proud eminence among the rascals of Andalusia. Cordova was a good object upon which to practise, for Roman and Goth, Moor and Christian, have combined to make its tortuous streets wellnigh incomprehensible to the traveller's mind.

Here Conyngham wandered, or else he sat somnolently on a seat in the Paseo del Gran Capitan in the shade of the orange

trees, awaiting the arrival of Concepcion Vara. He made a few acquaintances, as every traveller who is not a bear must needs do in a country where politeness and hospitality and a grave good fellowship are the natural habit of high and low alike. A bullfighter or two, who beguiled the long winter months, when the rings are closed, by a little innocent horse dealing, joined him quietly in the streets and offered him a horse—as between gentlemen of undoubted honour—at a price much below the current value. Or it was perhaps a beggar who came to him on the old yellow marble seat under the orange trees, and chatted affably about his business as being bad in these times of war. Once, indeed, it was a white-haired gentleman, who spoke in English, and asked some very natural questions as to the affairs that brought an Englishman to the town of Cordova. This sweet-spoken old man explained that strangers would do well to avoid all questions of politics and religion, which he classed together in one dangerous whole. Nevertheless, Conyngham thought that he perceived his ancient friend the same evening hurrying up the steps of the Jesuit College of La Campania.

Two days elapsed and Concepcion Vara made neither appearance nor sign. On the second evening Conyngham decided to go on alone, prosecuting his journey through the sparsely populated valley of the Alcadia to Ciudad Real, Toledo, and Madrid.

'You will ride,' the innkeeper told him, 'from the Guadaluquivir to the Guadiana, and if there is rain you may be a month upon the road.'

Conyngham set out in the early morning, and as he threw his leg across the saddle the sun rose over the far misty hills of Ronda, and Concepcion Vara awoke from his night's rest under the wall of an olive terrace above the Bobadilla road, to begin another day of patient waiting and watching to get speech with the maid or the mistress; for he had already inaugurated what he lightly called 'an affair' with Julia's flighty attendant. The sun rose also over the plains of Xeres, and lighted up the picturesque form of Esteban Larralde, in the saddle this hour and more, having learnt that Colonel Monreal's death took place an hour before Conyngham's arrival in the town of Xeres de la Frontera. The letter, therefore, had not been delivered to Colonel Monreal, and was still in Conyngham's possession.

Larralde bestrode a shocking steed, and had but an indifferent seat in the saddle. Nevertheless the dust rose beneath his horse's

feet, and his spurs flashed in the sunlight as this man of many parts hurried on towards Utrera and Cordova.

In the old Moorish palace in Ronda, General Vincente, summoned to a great council of war at Madrid, was making curt military preparations for his journey and the conveyance of his household to the capital. Señora Barenna was for the moment forgetful of her nerves in the excitement of despatching servants in advance to Toledo, where she owned a summer residence. Julia was nervously anxious to be on the road again, and showed by every word and action that restlessness of spirit which is the inheritance of hungry hearts. Estella, quiet and self-contained, attended to the details of moving a vast and formal household with a certain eagerness which in no way resembled Julia's feverish haste. Estella seemed to be one of those happy people who know what they want.

Thus Frederick Conyngham, riding northward alone, seemed to be a pilot to all these persons into whose lives he had suddenly stepped as from a side issue, for they were one and all making ready to follow him to the colder plains of Castile, where existence was full of strife and ambition, of war and those inner wheels that ever jar and grind where politicians contend together for the mastery of a moment.

As he rode on, Conyngham left a message from time to time for his self-appointed servant. At the offices of the diligencias in various towns on the great road from Cordova to Madrid he left word for Concepcion Vara to follow, should the spirit of travel be still upon him, knowing that at these places where travellers were ever passing, the tittle-tattle of the road was on the tongue of every ostler and stable help. And truly enough there followed one who made careful inquiries as to the movements of the Englishman, and heard his messages with a grim smile. But this was not Concepcion Vara.

It was late one evening when Conyngham, who had quitted Toledo in the morning, began to hunger for the sight of the towers and steeples of Madrid. He had ridden all day through the bare country of Cervantes, where to this day Spain rears her wittiest men and plainest women. The sun had just set behind the distant hills of Old Castile, and from the east, over Aranjuez, where the great river cuts Spain in two parts from its centre to the sea, a grey cloud—a very shade of night—was slowly rising. The aspect of the brown plains was dismal enough, and on the horizon

the rolling unbroken land seemed to melt away into eternity and infinite space.

Conyngham reined in and looked around him. So far as eye could reach, no house arose to testify to the presence of man. No labourer toiled home to his lonely hut. For, in this country of many wars and interminable strife, it has, since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, been the custom of the people to congregate in villages and small townships, where a common danger secured some protection against a lawless foe. The road rose and fell in a straight line across the table-land without tree or hedge, and Madrid seemed to belong to another world, for the horizon, which was distant enough, bore no sign of cathedral spire or castle height.

Conyngham turned in his saddle to look back, and there, not a mile away, the form of a hurrying horseman broke the bare line of the dusty road. There was something weird and disturbing in this figure, a suggestion of pursuit in every line. For this was not Concepcion Vara. Conyngham would have known him at once. This was one wearing a better coat; indeed Concepcion preferred to face life and the chances of the world in shirt sleeves.

Conyngham sat in his saddle awaiting the new comer. To meet on such a road in Spain without pausing to exchange a salutation would be a gratuitous insult, to ride in solitude within hail of another traveller were to excite or betray the deepest distrust. It was characteristic of Conyngham that he already waved his hand in salutation, and was prepared to hail the new comer as the jolliest companion in the world.

Esteban Larralde, seeing the salutation, gave a short laugh, and jerked the reins of his tired horse. He himself wore a weary look as if the fight he had in hand were an uphill one. He had long recognised Conyngham; indeed the chase had been one of little excitement, but rather an exercise of patience and dogged perseverance. He raised his hat to indicate that the Englishman's gay salutations were perceived, and pulled the wide brim well forward again.

'He will change his attitude when it becomes apparent who I am,' he muttered.

But Conyngham's first word would appear to suggest that Esteban Larralde was a much less impressive person than he considered himself.

'Why, it's the devout lover!' he cried. 'Señor Larralde, you remember me, Algeciras, and your pink love letter—denuded fishy

love letter, that ; nearly got me into a devil of a row, I can tell you. How are you, eh ?'

And the Englishman rode forward with a jolly laugh and his hand held out. Larralde took it without enthusiasm. It was rather difficult to pick a picturesque quarrel with such a person as this. Moreover, the true conspirator never believes in another man's honesty.

'Who would have expected to meet you here ?' went on Conyngham jovially.

'It is not so surprising as you think.'

'Oh !'

There was no mistaking Larralde's manner, and the Englishman's gay blue eyes hardened suddenly and rather surprisingly.

'No, I have followed you. I want that letter.'

'Well, as it happens, Señor Larralde, I have not got your letter, and if I had I am not quite sure that I would give it to you. Your conduct in the matter has not been over-nice, and, to tell you the truth, I don't think much of a man who gets strangers and women to do his dirty work for him.'

Larralde stroked his moustache with a half-furtive air of contempt.

'I should have given the confounded letter to the Alcalde of Ronda if it had not been that a lady would have suffered for it, and let you take your chance, Señor Larralde.'

Larralde shrugged his shoulders.

'You would not have given it to the Alcalde of Ronda,' he said in a sneering voice, 'because you want it yourself. You require it in order to make your peace with Estella Vincente.'

'We are not going to talk of Señorita Vincente,' said Conyngham quietly. 'You say you followed me because you wanted that letter. It is not in my possession. I left it in the house of Colonel Montreal at Xeres. If you are going on to Madrid, I think I will sit down here and have a cigarette. If, on the other hand, you propose resting here, I shall proceed, as it is getting late.'

Conyngham looked at his companion with a nod and a smile which was not in the least friendly and at the same time quite cheerful. He seemed to recognise the necessity of quarrelling, but proposed to do so as light-heartedly as possible. They were both on horseback in the middle of the road, Larralde a few paces in the direction of Madrid.

Conyngham indicated the road with an inviting wave of the hand.

'Will you go on?' he asked.

Larralde sat looking at him with glittering eyes, and said nothing.

'Then I will continue my journey,' said the Englishman, touching his horse lightly with the spur. The horse moved on and passed within a yard of the other. At this moment Larralde rose in his stirrups and flung himself on one side.

Conyngham gave a sharp cry of pain and threw back his head. Larralde had stabbed him in the back. The Englishman swayed in the saddle as if trying to balance himself, his legs bent back from the knee in the sharpness of a biting pain. The heavy stirrups swung free. Then, slowly, Conyngham toppled forward and rolled out of the saddle, falling to the road with a thud.

Larralde watched him with a white face and staring eyes. Then he looked quickly round over the darkening landscape. There was no one in sight. This was one of the waste places of the world. Larralde seemed to remember the Eye that seeth even there, and crossed himself as he slipped from the saddle to the ground. He was shaking all over. His face was ashen, for it is a terrible thing to kill a man and be left alone with him.

Conyngham's eyes were closed. There was blood on his lips. With hands that shook like leaves Esteban Larralde searched the Englishman, found nothing, and cursed his ill fortune. Then he stood upright, and in the dim light his face shone as if he had dipped it in water. He crept into the saddle and rode on towards Madrid.

It was quite dark when Conyngham recovered consciousness. In turning him over to search his pockets Larralde had perhaps, unwittingly, saved his life by placing him in a position that checked the internal hemorrhage. What served to bring back the Englishman's wandering senses was the rumbling of heavy wheels and the crack of a great whip as a cart laden with hay and drawn by six mules approached him from the direction of Toledo.

The driver of the team was an old soldier, as indeed were most of the Castilians at this time, and knew how to handle wounded men. With great care and a multitude of oaths he lifted Conyngham on to his cart and proceeded with him to Madrid.

(To be continued.)

